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ART. I. — WESTERN EMIGRATION AND WESTERN  
CHARACTER.

AT the close of the Revolutionary War, the vast region bounded by the Alleghanies, the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Lakes was a wilderness. The early attempt at French colonization had failed. The thirteen old colonies had resigned their misty claims of dominion in the far-off country, in favor of the new government. As early as 1790, this whole area was dedicated to Freedom by the new Congress of the United States; and an untrodden world invited a new experiment in human affairs. Then began that most wonderful movement of modern times, which, under the name of Western emigration, in seventy-five years has created five great States, rejuvenated the three most powerful of the older colonies, and planted therein a population of nine millions. Since that day, the people of the United States have come into possession of a vaster region, between the Mississippi and the Pacific, and organized it into seventeen free States and territories, containing a population of three millions. The close of the war of the Rebellion beheld this entire district inhabited by twelve million people, and bound together by a common devotion to American institutions. And, what is vastly more important, this population, gathered from the whole world, shows unmistakable signs of crystallizing into a new and decided Western character.

A Western character; for, although these twelve million people exhibit great diversities of origin, culture, and opinion on the one hand, and on the other are yearly becoming more thoroughly American, they at present exhibit positive traits of character as the result of the peculiar conditions of Western life. We propose in this article to consider, in a general way, this interesting spectacle of Western emigration and Western character.

At the outset, we may dismiss, as not pertinent to our inquiries, the very small class of persons on whose character an emigration to the West has produced no marked impression. In every Western community we find a few individuals, sometimes a respectable little clique, who, dwelling bodily amid the scenes of our New World, have spiritually never strayed beyond their place of nativity. The stubborn old English, Scotch, or North-Irish gentleman, who, after fifty years of Western-American friction, still carries London, Edinburgh, or Belfast in every stamp of his obstinate foot; the jolly German student, from whose vision the cloud-land of his meerschaum obscures the whole universe, save his own complacent "Ego," and who, even amid the opening thunders of the Judgment morning would call for his "lager" and be a "Philister;" the run-down French aristocrat, trying, with a sort of comic desperation, to keep his feet planted in the tracks of his forefathers; the Southern swashbuckler, who wears his hair long, rants in as insolent defiance of modern ideas, and chews his plug-tobacco as frantically, as if the Southern Confederacy were in full blast; the slow Pennsylvanian farmer and his more moderate wife, who, on the broad plains of Central Ohio, seem yet to abide in one of the dimples of father Alleghany's hands; the dear old Quaker lady, whom God keeps, as she is, as a model of essential womanhood; the trim Yankee housekeeper, dying slowly with her daily toil of washing the dirt from the surface of the great West, and dreaming o' nights of going to glory by the way of Worcester, Mass.; the New-York swell and the Philadelphia exquisite, whom even the splendors of Chicago cannot persuade to take down their harps from the willows; the



gentlemanly University master of a select school of young ladies or gentlemen, who lives a sort of spectral existence amid our noisy realities, pleasantly indifferent to what we think of him or his classic scheme of life, since, happen what may, old Harvard and Yale will abide,—all these, and yet other phenomena, exist to confirm the fact, that nothing on earth is so enduring as a fixed conceit of human self-sufficiency. Most of these people are useful citizens in their own sphere of labor, and, even when goaded into chronic irritation by the annoyances of our barbarism, a picturesque feature in our Western human scenery. Many of them would occupy positions of high respectability in an old civilization. But here they are never at home; and their despairing existence is the most melancholy feature of Western life. We can look on the wreck of a thousand brave souls who believe in the destiny of the New World more fervently for every failure of their own to grasp its prizes, with enthusiasm, compared to the feeling with which we contemplate this class of strong men and women, slowly dying of spiritual scurvy, amid boundless opportunities which they have not the heart to touch.

The Germanic and British peoples, and their American descendants, are the great emigrating races of the modern world. So great is their breadth and versatility of nature, that they can at once furnish the noblest conservatism to sustain great empires at home, and send forth every variety of the radical character to found new civilizations in virgin lands. Out of this progressive region of the European and older American life has come the vast majority of our Western people. Few of this great number can abide in such a land without being greatly changed. Every State and locality has impressed its own features for a time upon the Western district it has colonized. But, underneath all these local influences, the general type of Western character is slowly developing. It is not an exclusive type of character, content to remain under the ban of provincialism. Indeed, it is the beginning of the distinctively American character; and will never rest content till it has reconstructed the South-west to

the Gulf, overflowed the Alleghanies, and borne back the new life of the mighty West towards the rising sun.

The first great emigration under the auspices of the new American republic was from New England to Central and Western New York. The New York of the Revolution was the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk; and there an order of society had been established as aristocratic as Virginia itself. The country was chiefly parcelled out among its Dutch, English, North-Irish, and Scotch landholders, while great masses of tenantry were little in advance of the present poor whites of the South. As a consequence, New York was full of Tories during the war; and many a blatant copperhead of Manhattan and the Catskills, during the last six years, has only voiced the principles of his tory or cowboy grandfather. Such a country as Eastern New York, at the beginning of this century, was no home for the eager youth of Yankeeland, whose faces were set toward the great West. The Albany Dutchman smoked his pipe with placid wonderment on the stoop of his Pearl Street gable-ender, as he beheld the mysterious procession of emigrant wagons creeping towards Schenectady; and to-day, in Albany, the valley of the Mohawk goes by the name "Out-West." The Yankees struck Central New York at Utica, and flowed on in a resistless torrent, till they filled the whole inviting region to the Pennsylvania and Canadian borders on the south and north, and the Lakes upon the west.

Western New York is New England amplified and mollified by the rich and varied life of the greatest American State. It is more decided in its progressive American tendency than any portion of New England, save Maine, Vermont, and Eastern Massachusetts: indeed, Connecticut has been kept in an enfeebled, half-neutral condition, by this prodigious drain upon her youthful radical population. While the people of Western New York are lacking in the fine literary culture and English style of refinement so much prized in Boston, they have a weight of manly and womanly character, a breadth of thought and feeling, especially in public affairs, and a swinging onward movement almost un-

known east of the Hudson. It is the grandest people in these United States, and has sent forth, and is still sending, more men of mark to the West than all other portions of the Union. With one hand it holds the chief American city from rushing to swift perdition, and with the other it grasps the new West. Here, on the first camping-ground of the Western emigrant, was struck the key-note of our new American order of character and social affairs.

From Western New York the tide of Western emigration skirted Lake Erie, throwing out an affluent down the western slopes of the Pennsylvania and Virginia Mountains, greatly changing Pennsylvania and Western Virginia. Here it is largely mingled with Scotch, Irish, Southern, and Pennsylvania elements. . It has marched irresistibly along a path, almost identical with the fortieth parallel of latitude, to the Pacific, and there turned the flank of slavery and barbarism in California and Kansas, each of which was in succession the political Five-Forks of the slave power. In this way, Northern Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, were largely peopled. Though blended somewhat through all these regions with a scattering emigration from the South, and in certain localities almost a new Ireland or Germany, the Northern radical element has always been the foundation of society in this region.

From Eastport to St. Paul, one general type of the American character prevails, above the fortieth parallel of latitude. The inhabitants of this region, though in different states of progress and culture, represent all the essential attributes of that grand middle-class of Great Britain, to which free society owes its greatest debt of gratitude. It is the most intellectual people in the world; though its intellect has so far been chiefly occupied in regions of industrial, political, and social life. It bears within its latent depths the new literature, philosophy, science, art, and religion of the republic. It is laying broad foundations for the education of the whole people, and its University of Michigan excites the admiration of Harvard itself; while its magnificent foundation of Cornell University, at Ithaca, awakens great hopes of

something new in our university life; and in Oberlin, Antioch, Galesburg, and other rising colleges, it is solving the problem of the united university education of the sexes. From this region went forth the early movement against slavery, and its vote was united for Fremont in 1856. In religion it occupies the liberal wing of every American Church. Out of it came the theological and philanthropic agitation which divided every great American Protestant Church, save the Episcopal, before 1860.

Every good idea moves through our human life dogged by a black shadow; and it is not strange that this most progressive, intellectual, and energetic order of Northern society should be exposed to all the dangers of radicalism in its most extreme and varied forms. This region of our country has given birth to a multitude of excitable and unbalanced spirits, who have published their opinions in perfect freedom during the last twenty-five years. The system of popular lectures, the press, the convention, have given every facility to this class of agitators; and the lively interest of the masses of the people has always secured a large hearing to every public teacher who did not add to his radical extravagance the conservative grace of stupidity. The prolonged agitations in the churches have also bred destructive fanaticisms and desolating scepticisms, which have alarmed many good men for the existence of the Church itself. The political life of this district is never stagnant; for every month some new monster makes the sea of popular opinion "boil like a pot of ointment." Business is perpetually sounding the deeps and scaling the heights of speculation. And even the family is assailed by strange theories of marriage, which threaten to dissolve society itself. There is no doubt that the charge of the whole world is true,—that this portion of America is the battle-ground of all possible and impossible theories of human affairs.

But the enemies of the radical North, in their estimate of its tendencies, fail to discover the grand, distinctive characteristic of this remarkable people,—*its deep faith in the spiritual and moral side of human life*. There never was a



people on this earth who believed so firmly in the spirituality and immortality of man, the justice and perpetual providence of God, and the eternal distinction between right and wrong, as this. They inherit this faith from their ancestors, the noble middle-class of Great Britain, who represent the most profound religious faith of the northern European races. This faith is a part of the spiritual furniture of every native-born Northern boy or girl. It may be dormant for long periods in whole classes or communities: indeed, the intense activity of the mental and executive faculty often gives it no opportunity to awake. Our people love to think, discuss, and work, for the pure enjoyment of the thing. Hence people whose volume of life is smaller, and whose religious sentiments lie nearer the surface and are more easily excited, declaim against us as a prosaic, materialistic, and irreligious race. But let some deep and searching experience penetrate below the region of thought and work, and unseal the deep fountains of his native faith, and this Northern man starts up, a hero, a reformer, a martyr, or a saint. The gorgeous ritualism of the old European churches is now but a thicket of thorns which he overleaps, or tears through on his swift flight to his God. His intellect is kindled by the great fire below it, and flashes a startling light into the face of every accepted theory of life, in complete faith that all truth can bear the strongest illumination. He knows himself too well to fear the full indulgence of his head and hands, while his soul takes hold on the everlasting realities.

This faith in spiritual things is at once the fountain of perpetual life, and the protecting providence of the Northern people. For want of it, the South, and all southern nations, are vibrating continually between the wildest fanaticisms, and utter despotism. A South-Carolina secessionist, an Italian priest, an Austrian nobleman, knows by experience the danger of free thought among his own people. They see how a new idea maddens the popular mind, and speedily ultimates itself in a social anarchy, the very image of the infernal world. They suppose a people which thinks so intensely and freely as the radical North must be in a state

of spiritual, social, and civil delirium. But they do not know this great Northern soul, that, amidst its fiercest flames, is cooled by breezes from that high zone of life where God and man abide together. This portion of the United States is not only the home of radicalism in theory, but of the finest order in actual affairs. When its people have come to the end of their speculations, and begin the real work of life, they throw away nothing essential that has been gained by the toils of the past. They are deliberate in legislation, firm in administering justice, and practical in all their ideas. Mr. Phillips argued twenty years to persuade this people that it was a sin to vote and hold office under the government of the United States. He was the most popular orator of the North; but we never heard of an Abolitionist who was not glad to hold any office that Father Abraham could be induced to give him. Jackson Davis, the trance "media," and the advocates of every form of no-religion, have had the field clear to do their best; but there is no community that can be kept out of the churches when a saintly and eloquent man stands in the pulpit: and the Northern Church was never so active and really influential as now. Business, education, amusement, domestic and social life, are all moving towards a firmer basis. The pecuniary honesty, the solid learning, the domestic purity, the abiding cheerfulness of this republic, are emphatically to be found north of this line of demarcation. There is more gross sensuality in the homes of the poor Southern emigrants in Southern Indiana and Illinois, than in all the country above the fortieth parallel of latitude: indeed, most of the disorders, spiritual and social, in this region, can be traced either to Southern or European emigrants from lands of civil and religious despotism.

It is true that, socially, this region of the West is still somewhat crude, unformed, and stern. The aristocratic society of the South-west, including as it did but few elements of social refinement, ripened far more quickly; and, ten years ago, was the most attractive west of the Alleghanies. But it built on a class and not on man, and went down into the awful gulf of rebellion, from whose smoking deeps now

emerge the ghastly spectres of defunct gentility which yet gibber and squeak in faded drawing-rooms, and turn the heads of soft young people of ample means in the cities of the West. Meanwhile our Western social life moves slowly, because it is building the new temple of republican society; more anxious now to lay its foundations deeply, than to overload a thin wall with ornaments that will bring it to the dust. Every observing man, who travels from Maine to Minnesota, must admire the gradual but constant growth of a beautiful social refinement in city and country. There are villages in New York, Michigan, Northern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, from which the visitor goes away with a new comprehension of human kindness, and a refinement born of the heart. This inevitable movement is slowly shaping our American society; and neither the fashionable insanity nor the mimicry of foreign follies among the wealthy snobs of our cities will materially arrest its progress.

This Northern radical people will become the ruling power in American affairs. It has already captured the great line of central cities from Philadelphia to Leavenworth. It is moulding the entire population between the thirty-eighth and fortieth parallels of latitude to its own ideas. It is now the only concentrated power in the Union. While Cincinnati, Louisville, and St. Louis wrangle and hesitate, and never gather themselves up for one grand effort, the whole array of Northern towns, from Albany to St. Paul, are the well-organized division of a host that goes on conquering and to conquer. It already holds the republic beyond the Mississippi, save Texas, in the grasp of its ideas. It rules, as permanent ruling has always been done, — not through numbers, but through breadth and force of character. It is not afraid even to offer universal amnesty and universal suffrage through Mr. Chase, or forgiveness and forgetfulness of the whole past through Mr. Seward, as its final programme of policy. It will at last repudiate the weak devices of those who recommend a re-organization of the South through a centralized military power. The Secretary of State, the Chief Justice, General Grant, and Abraham Lincoln, know

most of the radical North. It only asks an opportunity to get at the rest of the country with its ideas; and, once marshalled on the decisive field, it has no fear of the result.

Even were there any danger to American institutions from the radical North, it would be averted by the peculiar order of society that prevails between the thirty-eighth and fortieth parallels of north latitude. This region includes New Jersey, Southern Pennsylvania, Delaware, Northern Maryland, and Northern Virginia of the old States. Even before the emigration to the North-west, it struck the valley of the Ohio at Marietta and Cincinnati, and has poured a tide of emigration through Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Southern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, to the western boundary of Missouri. To this was added a decided Southern emigration, especially west of Ohio. For fifty years, the more progressive classes of the poor, and the liberal wing of the old Virginia and Kentucky families, have poured into the valley of the Ohio, and blended readily with the elements there found. A somewhat sparse emigration from New England and New York has also come in. On the heels of this has marched the great army from Germany, which has crowded the cities and swarmed upon the fields of this beautiful and fertile country. The Irish are less numerous, in proportion, than in the more northern cities. None of these elements of population, save the Northern and a portion of the German, are remarkably progressive; and, altogether, this belt of the Union contains the most irreconcilable population in the land; fully justifying the saying of the old Cincinnati judge, who always prefaced his charge to the jury with the sage remark, "Gentlemen of the jury, we live amid a very *hotorogenous* population."

This emigration has furnished to the West several elements, most valuable as foils and complements to the more radical North. The patient and plodding industry and invincible economy of the New-Jersey and Pennsylvania people have made a garden of vast districts, and piled up large accumulations of wealth. The tempestuous speculations which have desolated so many of the more enterprising Northern



communities have been less violent in this region of sober industry. The opportunities of the Ohio Valley have also favored the growth of that legitimate manufacturing interest which is now the only reliable basis of prosperity for any inland city. There is no region of this country more blessed with comfort than this; and, when an elevated public spirit does finally awake, it will find a plethoric treasury in the accumulations of the last half-century. As yet, the higher forms of enterprise, in the way of donations for matters of great public utility and refinement, are not largely developed here. In Cincinnati, Louisville, and St. Louis, the persistent efforts of a few Northern men have secured a good system of public schools. But the general standard of education through all this region is far below the more northern latitudes. The colleges are drooping and second-rate; art and music, public lectures, and the higher grades of theatrical entertainment, meet a comparatively frigid encouragement. There is far less stir of ideas than in Michigan, Western New York, Northern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, among the masses. In politics this region has been for years the debatable ground of the Free States. The Germans of Cincinnati and St. Louis have saved those cities to freedom; and, in a few localities, the same spirit early achieved a triumph. But, up to the period of the war, this district was a reliable ally of the slave-power in any emergency. The treason of the North, outside the Irish Brigade and its American officers in a few cities, was found in this belt of population; whole reaches of South Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois being really as favorable to the rebellion as Tennessee, Missouri, or Kentucky: and on every election day the old battle rages anew. The churches are characterized by a lack of interest in theology. While generally adhering nominally to the oldest of "old-school" creeds, there is far less theological bigotry than in the new-school churches of New England. Christian institutions represent far more the social than the religious tendencies of the people of Cincinnati, St. Louis, and the country adjacent. There is not a first-class theologian or preacher in this whole area, between Pittsburg and Leavenworth. The leaders

in the churches are men like Purcell, McIlvaine, Eliot, Clarke, and Post; admirable in social and executive capacity, but with no extended reputation as thinkers, writers, or preachers. A religion of the emotions, passions, and social sentiments, which warms the surface or explodes into revivals, leaving the will and practical life yet unchanged, is the most popular faith.

But in social life — as far as relates to the pleasant intercourse of families, neighbors, and friends, and the whole region of social amusement, general mingling of acquaintances, and an open-armed, affectionate hospitality to strangers — this district is a charming contrast to the radical North. There is a far greater portion of life given to making life agreeable than among the more intense peoples along the Lake shores. Wealth pours out in unstinted measures for personal indulgence, expensive and luxurious living, and foreign travel. As long as man desires to live for the sake of a genial "good time," these cities and villages, like Philadelphia, which they greatly resemble, are the most charming places in the West. The country, too, is far more attractive, and the climate more agreeable, than farther north.

But, so far, the most refined social life here runs in the aristocratic channels worn by the Southern leaders of society. The South gave the social law to Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and the valley of the Ohio. Almost every wealthy family has a Southern wing; and, before the Slave States plunged into rebellion, this region was a social suburb of the South. The law of Southern society is the exaltation of a family to permanent power, with no care for the corresponding elevation of the people. To build up a great family, connect it with other old and powerful families, educate the children abroad, and select its society from the aristocracy of the whole land, is its ideal of social life. All public spirit is subordinate to family aggrandizement; and, while men of vast wealth and high culture are spending fabulous sums on their family estates and foreign travels, great public institutions languish. With greater established wealth, social refinement, and expensive living than any Western city; with

numbers of its rich citizens dwelling and travelling most expensively abroad,—Cincinnati has no large public library, no permanent gallery of art, no respectable theatre, no safe large hall for music or popular entertainments, no association with pluck to sustain a course of scientific or popular lectures, no literary periodical, and no concentration of its able and educated people to do any good thing. All good and great plans finally near the rim of this maelstrom of a luxurious sentimental life, and go down into the paradise of Catawba and oysters. The war has made a terrible inroad upon this old aristocracy of the valley of the Ohio. Too many of its leading families were rebel, or divided, to be forgiven. The people have already decreed its reconstruction, and when that comes a broader foundation will be laid; and, while we lose nothing of our present delightful social sentiment, we shall not make our refinement the silken covering of our selfishness, and contempt for the rights of man.

Out of this region has come, however, a large proportion of the eminent statesmen, jurists, and commanders of the West. Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, Logan and Oglesby, Rosecranz and Burnside, and their brilliant crowd of companions in glorious deeds; the Ewings and Shermans, Corwin, Stanton, Chase, Morton, Lincoln, Speed, Benton,—are by birth or education the growth of this region. With the exception of Cass and Douglas, both New-England men, no man of large proportions has yet got into national politics from the North-west. And while in war the bravery of its soldiery was eminent, neither the North-west nor Western New York produced a first-class general, save McPherson. The North-west swarms with acute lawyers, shrewd politicians, and able, agitating, radical statesmen of secondary calibre; but, somehow, the slower, less exciting society of our central region seems better adapted to the growth of those massive men who can calmly comprehend great interests of state, and put forth tremendous energies in organizing and leading men. The rampant individualism of the North-west breeds a personal conceit of infallibility unfavorable to greatness. The radical fever in the blood

keeps the spirit lean, hectic, fiery, ready to put on wings and fly away into the future millennium; but not quite able to deal wisely with the present aspect of this mixed America.

The North-west, in its relations to the central region, reminds one of a splendid, eager, overpowering lover, battering away at the heart of a somewhat sleepy, but deep-souled and large-hearted maiden, who, alternately charmed and offended, at last surrenders, and becomes the wife of a man who is sure to come out at fifty a far nobler specimen of massive manhood than otherwise he could have been. The spirited cities and communities of the Lakes by turns ridicule and denounce our slow and undemonstrative region of the valleys; but the Lakes will end by marrying the valleys. Already Northern politics have revolutionized "Egypt," lifted up Indiana into a leading State, and sentenced the Pendletons and Pughs of Ohio to political exile. Northern ideas of industry, education, and society will follow. When this union of these States is complete, the Western character will be far more weighty, deliberate, and genial than now. May a good Providence speed that wedding-day!

In this final crystallization of the Western character, the German element of our population will doubtless be influential. Especially will the great masses of honest, industrious, kindly, slow but broad and deep-souled German farmers and mechanics and laborers, be a vast mine of healthy life, out of which can be drawn treasures of private and public worth. Even the Catholic Germans, who are the lowest of all, are not so obstinately wedded to the hierarchy that they will refuse to blend finally with the best elements of our population. The German Jews are often as genuine Americans as they "to the manor born." The Protestant German people are generally intelligent, industrious, economical, and virtuous as men can be who live chiefly in the realm of material comfort and social enjoyment. The complex despotisms of Central Europe have done their work upon them; for there is something in German despotism so subtle, elaborate, and persistent, that it seems to paralyze whole regions of the human mind.



The worst result of this Central European order of society on its subject masses is this paralyzing of the spiritual nature. Our German emigrants are now the most grossly materialistic of the American people. They live in this world as if there could be no other, and treat their bodies as if they were only the temples of a refined nervous organization. But this is a transition state. The thunders, lightnings, and earthquakes of our new Western life will split this stolid crust of materialism; and out of these good-natured, moderate, stingy, prosaic Hermanns and Minnas, will come the poets, the artists, the singers, the statesmen, and the saints of the West. They have no new ideas to give us; but their moderation, patience, and kindness will be a fine atmosphere to pour around our fierce, restless intellectualism, and lunatic haste to build the millennium. The able men who represent this section of our German population are already among our most valuable citizens, and largely influential in our public, social, and religious affairs.

The least influential class of Germans will be that crowd of wild, long-haired, beer-drinking philosophers, who, on the strength of temporary residence inside a German University and banishment for revolutionary tendencies, put on Continental airs, and regard themselves as the legislators for the future American society. The headquarters of this tribe seems to be the State of Missouri; but they have active allies in all the cities and villages of the West. They are so near materialism and atheism in their central philosophy, that a wise man does not care to analyze the residuum of spiritual nature they leave in the crucible, to learn whether it be the soul or the sediment of the universe. In politics they are the wildest of impracticables, and were a sharp thorn in the side of long-suffering Abraham Lincoln during the war. Their political idol was John C. Fremont, — a romantic, miscellaneous French *scvau*, accidentally made candidate for President and Commander-in-Chief in the West. Their social theories are admirably accommodating; their ideas of education, amusement, labor, the organization of society itself, ranging through all the varieties of communism.

Their personal conceit is of that boundless kind which only cholera or cold lead can abate. Now and then, one of these men can be caught and caged in Western society, where his learning or special skill can be made available. But they are almost useless for any work that demands respect for the spiritual realities, or the common sense even of the worldly American mind. They naturally affiliate with the Wendell-Phillips and Anna-Dickinson school of American reformers, though far more impracticable than they. Over their meerschauums and their wine, in their obscure societies, they convince each other they are the breeze that blows the ship of Western society towards the "radicallissimi" millennium. But they are the barnacles and seaweed that will be scraped off the keel when the good ship is put in dry dock for repairs.

The grand mistake in all their estimate of American Society is their omission to recognize a spiritual nature in man, together with the religious, moral, social, and civil obligations flowing therefrom. Whatever may be true of this peculiar people, the American people are endowed with souls, and recognize the logical consequences of this fact. The Western American people cannot live this German socialistic life, because that is constructed on the idea that man is only a clever animal. Men who believe this can do a multitude of things as the end of existence, whose charm is dispelled by the suspicion of a nobler origin and a vaster destiny. Our people cannot guzzle beer, smoke in gardens, or roll on the grass with their sweethearts, wives, and babies on Sunday, because they believe that on one day an immortal being ought to live a higher life of the soul than he can easily achieve in the toil and unrest of the other six. They cannot be infinitely jolly, and full of careless, sensuous delight in their families; because they believe themselves responsible for the civilization of a mighty people, and do not see how all the social twittering and chirping in creation is to bring this about. If they were less bothered by an old American notion of honesty, they might come into some of the radical notions of property which titillate the boozy brains of these

philosophical economists in the absence of pocket-money. They believe in teaching Young America to read and write the English language, confident that the Western mind will plough its way to a wisdom which shall overtop the learned folly of a thousand universities. The fact is, this clique is no faithful representative of the nobler side of Germany. To the real philosophy, the matchless criticism, the varied scholarship, the music, the theology, of the German mind, the West will make all due acknowledgment when its day comes. It will absorb as much of the charming geniality and catholic kindliness of its social life as can be blended with our own. But for this lager-beer brigade of atheistic anarchists it has only the regard of an express train, that thunders through a drove of mad bulls, leaving a few spots on the track to illustrate the result of an actual measurement of social forces.

Up to the present day, the Western character, thus forming from manifold combinations of the richest elements in the world, has been completely developed only in industry, politics, war, and the beginning of the people's school, church, and social life. The vast majority of large-minded men—the men who, in older communities, would be scholars, divines, statesmen, literati—are engrossed in business. Business in the West is nothing less than the shaping of a new empire into a fit area for the experiment of the largest civilization yet seen upon the earth. In politics, the broad foundations of mighty commonwealths are being laid, in which humanity can expand into a true American manhood and womanhood. The people's common-school will finally absorb all other forms of education, and culminate, as in Michigan, in free universities, which can command the largest culture of the age for every child. In war, it has made one demonstration which has written a new chapter in human history, and turned the eyes of the world on the people beyond the Alleghanies. But, beyond this, the Western character has not been fully developed. Its day for literature and art has not appeared. Its social life is the broadest and most genial in the world, but still fluctuating

and crude, with great sloughs of coarseness and sensuality; and it doth not yet appear what it will finally become. Its organized religion represents its social far more than its religious life. But all things come in their order: "first the natural, afterward that which is spiritual;" and our children will see the West we only behold in vision, and recognize in it the most characteristic American life, and the broadest and highest organization into human affairs of the American Declaration of Independence and the Saviour's Golden Rule.

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#### ART. II.—GEOGRAPHY OF PALESTINE.

*The Comparative Geography of Palestine and the Sinaitic Peninsula.*

By CARL RITTER. Translated and adapted to the use of Biblical Students. By WILLIAM L. GAGE. 4 vols., 8vo. pp. xiv., 451, 418, 396, 410. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866.

FOUR solid octavos upon the Lands of the Bible, attractive to the eye by the bright color of their covers, by their luxury of paper and type, by the name of their author, and by the charm of their subject, which, worn as it is, never fairly becomes wearisome to a student of the Bible! Shall we not find in these the last word concerning the sacred soil, and the wise and final decision of the numerous disputed questions? Will not this work of the acknowledged master in geographical science,—the great organizer of the chaos of voyages, journals, and letters in all tongues,—will not this work bring an authority which we may implicitly trust, a verdict which cannot be set aside? That expectation is not realized. These full volumes, interesting as they are, settle hardly any important Biblical question. They give the best literature of the subject; but they leave readers to judge for themselves among the conflicting accounts and opinions. We are left more uncertain than ever, after the discussion of Ritter, whether the Serbal of Lepsius may not be the Sinai of the Exodus, and the traditional claim of the Mount of Moses be



discredited. The place of Golgotha is still undetermined. We are at liberty still to find a site for Cana in Galilee, and to conjecture the place of Capernaum by the seaside. Elijah's abode is not yet identified; and even the discussion of the vexed questions of Tarshish and Ophir, exhaustive as this seems, does not give full satisfaction. The evidence for India preponderates, but not enough to exclude reasonable doubt.

The work of Ritter is rather the material for a geography of the holy lands, than a systematic treatise. It brings together the accounts of the best writers, ancient and modern, but does not fuse them into a scientific and positive statement. We learn what Greek and Hebrew, Arab and Christian, have said about the sites and the legends; but we have not a regular work of a new writer, built solidly and squarely from this foundation of conglomerate. And, in addition to this intrinsic defect of the work, there are several incidental defects in the translation which is here given. It is not a translation of the full work, but is abridged by the translator; and we are not satisfactorily informed on what principles the omitted matter has been left out. Neither the author nor the translator seems to have visited any of the regions which they describe; the knowledge which they have of the sacred lands is all at second-hand, — from reading, and not from journeying. Neither of them, too, is acquainted with the Arabic language, — an accomplishment indispensable in the thorough treatment of Arabian themes. There are no maps to illustrate the geographical details; and in these studies, for all but the fewest readers, accurate maps are essential to comfortable study. There are perpetual references in the text to statements and descriptions elsewhere given and in other works. And, as the original work was published fifteen years ago, no account is taken of the numerous important books which have appeared in the interval, except in the slight and frequently irrelevant notes of the translator. In the account of Jerusalem, for instance, hardly any use is made of the investigations and discoveries of Barclay, in the streets, caves, and water-courses, which he has so patiently explored.

Among those whom the translator includes as "too well known to the reader to require specification," is Sepp; yet neither the text nor the notes of these volumes show any actual acquaintance with the discussions of Sepp: indeed, it does not appear that the editor of these volumes has ever read one chapter of the voluminous and original work which he describes as so "well known." The same thing may be said of his acquaintance with numerous other works noted in his catalogue. There are also occasional annoying typographical blunders, which show carelessness of proof-reading.

But, with all these incidental defects, and with the original composite structure of the work, the thanks of Biblical students are due to the industrious editor of these volumes, for giving them, in such excellent, idiomatic English, a work of so much interest and value, — a work which condenses so well the substance of a Palestinian library. No matter if it does not settle the disputed questions: it does what is better, in bringing before us the land in its various aspects of winter and summer, sunshine and shade, beauty and ruin. With no attempt at fine writing or picture-painting, it brings before us a gallery of pictures, a series of panoramic views, more vivid and life-like than the fancies of such writers as De Saulcy, Lamartine, and Chateaubriand. Ritter makes the dry narrative of some writers that he quotes graphic, and tones down the imagination of other writers. If he does not interpret all the wonders and solve all the puzzles of Palestine and the Peninsula, he gives the land its proper relief and proportion before the eye; shows how the mountains stand, how the plains lie, and what hides in the caverns; shows the rocks and the men as they are now, and as they have been for thousands of years. The combinations of Ritter leave a picturesque effect, quite as real as the descriptions of Stanley; and he rounds off into graceful shape the accurate measurements of Robinson, who is his highest authority and his most trusted guide. The American scholar goes in the centre and at the head of that group of scholars and observers which the reader follows all through these volumes. When Ritter differs from Robinson, he apologizes for his temerity.

One would think, in the abundance of books which have been written about the Holy Land, by travellers, by naturalists, by pilgrims; by men of every name, faith, and nation; credulous and sceptical, prosaic plodders and poetic dreamers,—that the whole territory, shore and plain, hill and hollow, must have been described, leaving no foot of ground neglected. Yet this careful summary of the German geographer shows us the larger half of Palestine still waiting to be interpreted,—a *terra incognita*, within twenty miles of the sea, as real as the unknown region of inland Africa. Here is a country not larger than New Hampshire, and not unlike New Hampshire in its general shape and some of its physical characteristics, which, with its history of four thousand years, and all that has been written about it, cannot be pictured on a chart so surely as the State of yesterday. To read the four hundred works and more that have been written on Palestine in the last fifteen years, would take four years of close application; yet, at the end, one would not have gone over half of the land. And even of what seems to be explored, comparatively little is really told or known. Almost every one who has “walked about Zion,” and uttered his impressions of the ancient city of God, adds his regret that his view has been so imperfect, and that he has seen and learned so little. Not one in all the books about Jerusalem, not all of them together, perfectly tell what is to be seen above ground there, much less what excavations anywhere would reveal. With all that has been written about the aqueducts and pools and cisterns, it is still uncertain how water was supplied to Solomon’s temple, and where the water goes to that comes by the aqueduct now. After all the descriptions, a mystery hangs over the sacred land, even where it seems best known, as heavy and as dense as the mist upon the mountains of Moab and the Sea of Sodom. Neither the legends of piety nor the conclusions of science can dissolve that mystery.

It seems a disgraceful confession, after so much has been written about Palestine, so much money spent in travel there, that so little should be accurately known about it; that hundreds of travellers should go, one after another, along these

short ways and through these small towns, and yet should show us their pathway only over a silent waste. How easy it would be to fill these chasms, to survey these vacant spaces, and to bring this confusion into order! Every traveller who goes through Palestine hopes and expects to help in removing this obscurity; to see something that no one else has seen; to make some new, if not some important, discovery. Only the fewest, however, seem to themselves to have discovered any thing; and most regret at the end that they did not see what others have seen. Even those who have made original observations are mortified to find that their views have been anticipated, and that their conclusions are doubted. The public opinion of the religious world almost settles it, that Palestine shall be an unknown land, and that exact science shall not get hold of this domain of ancient faith, over which reverence spreads an impenetrable golden cloud. Many who go there with the scientific spirit, to find truth and get knowledge, strangely find that this vanishes in the atmosphere of the land. They are careless of the inquiries that they came to make, and surrender themselves to the necessities of their position. They find that the knowledge which seemed so easy to gain is in fact extremely difficult, and they soon cease to trouble themselves about the questions which had invited them. Not one in a hundred of the Protestants who go to Jerusalem makes any investigation upon the spot of the site of the Holy Sepulchre, or vexes himself by reading the controversy of Robinson with Williams. Not one in fifty of those who cross the plain of Gennesaret stops to find among the rubbish the ruins of the cities of which Jesus spoke the doom. They quarrel with the Arabs at Medjdal, but make no effort to find the house of Mary in Magdala.

But there are many reasons why the multiplied narratives of travellers in the sacred land give no large increase of exact knowledge. In the first place, very few travellers stay long in the land; they go almost as quickly as they come, and hardly set foot in any of the cities before they arrange the plan of their departing. Economy of time and money com-



pels to this hurry. The dragoman, hired in Egypt for the whole voyage, is paid for a specified number of days, and holds his victim close to the contract. Delays and excursions derange this contract; camel-men and mule-men refuse to obey orders, and curse their employer; and the care is to get through safely, rather than to make the journey profitable. Most of the published "tours" in Palestine have been of hardly more than two, four, or six weeks of stay in all the land, — from Dan to Beersheba. Jerusalem is described from the experiences of two or three days; Nazareth, from the impressions of a single night. It is preposterous to suppose that in this short time any thing new or valuable can be learned; that this mere passage of a fortnight's length, even though it be at so slow a pace, can acquaint the voyager either with scenery or people. A comfortable supper at the Carmelite convent, and a bath upon the beach, are by no means sufficient to show the "excellency" of the flowery mountain of Elijah's miracle. A swift walk through the bazaar of Gaza, and along the walls of Askelon, does not instruct very thoroughly in the lines of the Philistine land. And a halt of half an hour at the head of the Dead Sea, with a dragoman trembling in fear of Arab robbers and urging you to make haste and be off, does not make you competent authority on the height of those hills or the quality of those waters. In Italy or Germany, travellers take their own time, alter their plans, and stay as long as they please. It is not so easy to do this in Syrian travel. Then, again, it is difficult to find escort and protection, except upon the beaten routes of travel. The guides are afraid to try experiments, to go on any side-paths, or to venture on uncertain ways. There may be monsters in the caverns; there are, almost certainly, robbers and assassins. When a traveller goes into these "by and forbidden paths," he does it at his own risk and peril. The danger of these side excursions is doubtless exaggerated; but the bravest Frank cannot impart his own courage to the cautious natives or dispel their fears. There are regions in Galilee that no dragoman could be brought to traverse for love or money. He would as soon agree to show the way to

Ararat, as to go around the Lake of Tiberias. Few travellers are prepared to take the risk of these journeys without some escort, and they must pass these tempting breaks in the hills, because they cannot go through them alone. If twenty men, resolute and fearless, strongly armed, could go together, they might perhaps get guides for an eccentric and zigzag progress, might climb all the hills, visit all the wadies, explore all the tombs and caverns, and find the name of every village. But the travellers of this kind go by *twos* and not by twenties. The large parties are those who prefer to keep to the regular paths, and see the things that the handbooks show them. It is vexatious to an enthusiastic traveller, who comes to Palestine determined to explore the land faithfully and traverse it in every direction, to find that no one will guide him in any new way, or will go with him on any venture. The first words that he hears are warnings of danger and advice to keep in the regular track. The site of Shiloh is hardly a mile from the path between Bethel and Shechem; yet how few travellers on that path turn aside to see the place where was the earliest sacred city of Israel! It is only a sign of rashness to attempt these side excursions, which take time and bring peril. Only on the highways of Syria is a traveller safe; and these highways are few.

Moreover, the tastes and habits of the residents in Palestine do not assist scientific study of the land. Neither Jew nor Greek, Moslem nor Christian, cares any thing to settle questions of archæology or to construct anew the map of Canaan. You find no science of the land in the houses, or in the shops, or in the cloisters. The Greek monks in Jerusalem only care to know the way to the convent in St. Saba: the Latin monks are satisfied to direct pilgrims to the fords of the Jordan. It is impossible to make the dull Hebrews, who mumble rabbinical lore in the schools of Tiberias, comprehend your curiosity about the Sea of Galilee. Indeed, it is amazing to these people that sane men should go travelling in this solitary region for mere purposes of knowledge. They suspect some end of trade in this wandering. The Arabs have no word to describe the scientific traveller. If

he is not a hadji (a pilgrim), whose religion brings him to the shrines, he must be a howadji (a merchant), who is seeking to buy or sell. A few of the monks and a few of the dragomen have borrowed some of the facts of the guide-books; but the most of them are utterly unconcerned to know more of the land and its history than belongs to their ecclesiastical legends or their daily routine. Moslem archæology in Palestine is summed up in the sacredness of Omar's mosque, and in the confession that Mohammed is the prophet of God. Christian archæology only keeps the local tradition. All that the monks of Nazareth can tell you about their city is the site of Mary's house, of Joseph's workshop, of the meeting-place of the disciples, and the Rock of Precipitation. The sacredness of the land, to the Samaritans, is all centred in their ancient synagogue, their yellow parchment-roll, and their altar on Gerizim. It is hopeless to ask for direct information from any class. Where they really know what you want to know, there will be a lie on their lips as they answer you.

Ignorance of the language spoken in Palestine is another effectual hindrance to travellers in attempting to study the antiquities of the land. Except in the few cities which are already quite well known, the Arabic is the universal dialect; and, to strangers, the Arabic is as unintelligible as Chinese or Choctaw. Very few of those who can read the literary language, and have mastered the flowing characters, can understand the jargon of Arab gutturals as they break harshly from the throat of a peasant or a Bedouin. Not one in fifty of the writers who would tell us something new about the land, could hold a conversation of five minutes with the natives of the land, on any important topic of history or fact. The Arabic is a very difficult language to learn thoroughly. Dr. Smith, who had made a study of it for thirty years, told us, even when his Arabic translation of the New Testament was nearly completed, that he was not at all satisfied with his knowledge of the language, and that he was every day learning some new words and phrases. Yet, without this power of talking directly with the people, it is impossible to learn much of their antiquities and their traditions, or to connect the



natural features and productions of the land with the Biblical story, with the fauna and flora of the ancient Hebrews. How else can any one find the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley, the unicorn, the conies (that feeble folk), and the dragons in their clefts? How else shall the sites of towns be identified? The main connection between the ancient and modern ages, between the former and present races, is in the words of similar sound. The Arabic names are all that tell of the famous villages of Canaan, and the cities renowned in the story of Israel. With this key, Robinson was able to unlock some of the closed doors, and to find some of the lost places. And this is the only key worth much in exploring the land. The language is the only fossil relic of much value in reading the former ages there.

Add to these the other hindrances in the way of travel: the climate, for half the year so hot and debilitating; the wretched roads, if indeed the bridle-paths through ravines and over rocks and precipices may be called roads; the absence of all wheel carriages, making it difficult to transport the instruments and conveniences of scientific study; the hostility of the people, sheikhs and rabble alike, sometimes breaking out in acts of violence; the lying directions, which turn a traveller upon the wrong track; the extortions, which wear out his patience; the combined annoyance of the laziness, dulness, brutality, and falsehood which he finds all around him, — and the wonder is rather, not that so little is learned, but that any thing is learned. Then, in digesting the fragments of information, there is infinite perplexity in harmonizing these contradictory stories, and finding the truth. No task can be more perplexing than the task of sifting out the local traditions of Palestine, and deciding what and how much to believe. It will not do to take extreme ground on either side, — to believe every thing that you hear, or to believe nothing that you hear, — to resolve, with the Rev. George Williams, that all legends of the Church are trustworthy, and must be maintained at any rate; or with the good Dr. Robinson, that the convents are the centres of lies, and that the Church repeats a story is a good reason for doubting



it. The only safe theory about the matter is, that a good deal of the tradition is true, and a good deal is false. How much then, is true, and how much is false? Shall the Jewish tradition of the synagogue on Mount Zion be rejected as readily as the tradition of the house of Caiaphas on that hill? Shall the site of the Tanner's home at Joppa be treated like the rock of Andromeda in that harbor, and be slighted as no better than a Pagan fable? Shall the genuineness of Jacob's well be doubted, because the ruins of a church are scattered around its curb-stones?

The chief reason, however, why more has not been learned about Palestine in these constantly repeated narratives of travel is, that there is not really much interest, either of the men who journey or of the public who read their narratives, to know any thing more about the land. The Jewish, Christian, and even the scientific world are quite content to let the larger part of the territory stay in the obscurity that covers it, and leave it as a possession to the rude Arab tribes. They have no anxiety to find all the hills and valleys, towns and cities, that were noted in those wars of Joshua and Jehoshaphat, or to identify the modern with the ancient names. They are as indifferent to this useless restoration of the old Hebrew order, as they are to the stories themselves in the Hebrew record. Before men will earnestly investigate the topography of the land of the tribes, they must get more zeal in studying the story of the tribes. The Bible Society tells, in its annual statements, in how many scores of tongues, at the cost of how many thousands of dollars, its millions of copies are printed. Yet in what book is so much matter printed only to be utterly neglected and wasted? Year by year, the churches are called to contribute their money for Bible-printing and distribution; while the members know, that one half at least of what they so send forth they will not read themselves, and no one will read with any interest. How many, in Christian churches, understand, or care to understand, four-fifths of the Hebrew prophecies,—those "burdens" of Moab and Tyre and Ammon; what Joel and Jeremy and Nahum and Zechariah have written of promise or of woe? How many read with

pleasure the annals of the Hebrew kings after Solomon's time, much less the chronicle of the wars of Joshua? Except as part of the "proper lessons," would any one hear, even in the church, the details of the books of Leviticus and Numbers? By far the larger number of those who read the Bible pass over these details as tedious and not edifying. The stories of the Patriarchs; of the residence of Israel in Egypt; of Moses and Sinai; of Samuel, Saul, David, and Solomon, — are really the substance of all the historical part of the Old Testament which is cared for by Christian readers. A few add to these the stories of Samson, Gideon, the later kings, Ezra, and Nehemiah. In the prophecies, a few pages of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Micah are found sufficient for profitable use. Next to the Book of Psalms, perhaps even more than the Book of Psalms, the Book of the Old Testament which is most completely used is the sceptical Book of Ecclesiastes. In spite of the seeming irreverence of the wish, not a few, we must think, have longed, in their use of the Bible, to have an *abridged edition*, which should retain what is instructive and pleasant to read, and leave out wholly what is dry, obscure, and repulsive. We heard a Christian mother once say, that, if she supposed that her daughters would read all that is in the Bible, she should not dare to put it into their hands; that she felt safe in giving it to them, because there was so little of it that they would care to read.

This want of interest in the details of the Hebrew story naturally implies want of interest in the details of the Hebrew land. The interest of most who read and write about the land is a Christian interest; and this interest has only a few centres. Pure physical science cares no more about Palestine than about Australia: indeed, not so much; since Australia is so much larger, newer to the world of science, and so much more curious in its abundance of species. The only scientific question of first importance in Palestine is the formation of the Jordan valley and the Ghor, from Mount Hermon to the salt hill of Usdum; how this strange chasm came, — whether from sinking or breaking, whether worn by the rush of waters, or torn by outburst of fires; whether there was

ever an outlet to the Red Sea, across the sand or under the sand. That is an attractive question to men who care nothing about the wife of Lot, the grotto of Elijah, or the house of Zaccheus, and have no interest in the pilgrims' bathing place, or the battle at Gilboa. But, except this prime problem, all other questions of physical science which the sacred land suggests are of secondary moment. Did the sea ever come close to the walls of Gaza? Was the Kedron ever a running stream? How extensive were the forests three thousand years ago? Are the caves mostly natural or artificial holes in the rock? Were there ever lions in the land? Such questions as these, interesting as they may be to Biblical students, have no special charm for geologists or naturalists, who have been accustomed to the larger regions, where there are coal formations, fossil remains, and glaciers in the clefts of the hills. It is impossible to make of Palestine a country so interesting to the naturalist as Norway or Switzerland. Except for its one great scientific problem, and apart from the religious associations which seem to consecrate, and so to dignify, all that belongs to it, — the sacred land would not specially attract the feet of scientific wanderers.

It is a religious interest, and now mostly a Christian religious interest, that draws the travel and sustains the charm in Palestine. Some Jews go there; and in a few places — Jerusalem, Safed, Tiberias, Nablous, Hebron — they have communities: but among these Jews there is no spirit of inquiry, and they make no effort to re-instate their history, even in the place of their habitation. The Jew on Mount Zion has to get the Christian to show him the probable site of the citadel of David, and the place where Solomon was crowned. When a Jewish traveller visits the land to-day, he goes not to study its antiquities, but to see his brethren, to learn their circumstances, and to carry them relief. Sir Moses Montefiore and Leopold Frankl, baronet and poet, made no effort to find where Melchisedek had his palace, or where Deborah sung her song.

The Christian interest in Palestine is fastened mostly to those spots which are in some way connected with the story



of Christ,—Bethlehem, Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, the place of baptism at Jordan, Cæsarea, Philippi, Jericho, Bethany, Jacob's well, the Mount of Olives, and the city of Jerusalem. When one has seen these, he seems to have seen most of the sacred land that is worth seeing: he has seen what he went there to see. These are the points round which his impressions of the land are gathered. Interesting no doubt, but of secondary interest, are the spots which hold tradition of the heroes in Hebrew history; the tomb of Abraham at Hebron, the tomb of Rachel, the tomb of Joseph, the cities of the Philistines, the city of Ahab and Herod in Samaria. But it is utterly impossible to awaken in Christian hearts much zeal for discovering the localities of Israel in the days of the Kings or the days of the Judges, much less of the Jewish wars of the Maccabees and in the Roman dominion. The questions about Michmash and Gibeah and Timnath and Bethshan seem tedious and unprofitable. But for the song of the prophetess, Kishon, that mighty river, would have no more charm than any sluggish brook; and the command of Joshua to the moon and sun will not turn a Christian traveller from his path to find the valley of Ajalon. The same indifference which Christian readers feel in the Biblical narrative of these things, is manifest when they are on the ground and come into the neighborhood. This indifference is no sign of slender faith or lack in piety. It is as characteristic of Catholics as of Protestants, and is rather the sign of strength in faith. The man who seeks most diligently for the "well of David" in Bethlehem is he who has very moderate confidence in the legend of the Nativity.

Part of this indifference is due, no doubt, to the feeling which separates Jesus so widely from all who came before him, from all the men of his race, and treats him not as a Nazarene Jew, the son of human parents, but as the Saviour of all men and nations, miraculously born. If the new Gospel has abrogated the old Law with its traditions, and has made a new epoch in the history of the world and its religion, it seems needless to trace the ways and monuments of that old history. We may separate the Palestine of Jews from the



Palestine of Christ and his followers, as we separate in our editions the Old Testament from the New Testament, — may reserve only some small parcels of the land which seem to fasten themselves to the spirit and prophecy of Christ's story, just as we sometimes bind the Psalms in a volume with the Gospels and Epistles. If Jesus were only another Joshua, only a Jewish leader and deliverer, the same heed might be given to the earlier as to the later of the names. But the work and memory of the Son of God in the sacred land suffer in Christian hearts no rival, whether warrior, king, or prophet. We look unmoved upon the hill of Elijah or Saul or Gideon, when we have walked upon the Mount of Olives. Of what use to follow the chariots and spearmen of those armies of Israel, when we have seen Calvary, where was fought the great conflict of Satan with God, and the world's redemption was accomplished in the death of the perfect Saviour? The cell of Socrates in Athens does not spoil the enjoyment of the Parthenon and the Pnyx, for a worshipper of the sage; but the footprints of the Christ in Palestine obliterate the impressions of the teachers who went before Him. The real history, the history which has enduring worth, seems to begin with Him, and that which came before to be half mythical.

And yet it is curious to note, in solid works of Biblical geography, how large a portion is given to those investigations for which most readers care so little. Appended to this work of Ritter are *eighteen* columns of Scripture "texts," referred to in the four volumes. Of these, but little more than *two* columns are of texts from the New Testament; while *nearly ten* columns are taken from the Pentateuch and the Books of Joshua and Judges. Putting out of view the first volume, — which is devoted to the Sinaitic Peninsula, where, of course, all the texts must be taken from the Old Testament, — in the other three volumes at least three quarters of the references are to passages in the earlier Hebrew history. This may show us how small a portion of the land the Christian story covers. The Apostolic Christian history gives almost no help to one who would arrange the Scripture geography. In the sixteen

hundred and seventy-five pages of these volumes of Ritter, there are only *four* references to *all* the Epistles together, not one to any Epistle of Paul, and only twenty to the Book of Acts. If the geography of the land were reduced to the New-Testament narrative, to what John and the Synoptics have written, it would have, indeed, meagre proportions. Where, then, would be all the land of the Philistines and the plain of Sharon? Where would be the whole province of Judea, south and east of Bethlehem? Where, except in a single spot, would be the whole central province of the land, — the hills of Ephraim and the plain of Issachar? The immense disproportion between the circumstances and the work of the Saviour of the world appears more strikingly, when we consider how small a part of this small land on the Mediterranean shore was really known and visited by the Emanuel of Galilee, how small a surface saw the signs of the great salvation, in what narrow place "the fulness of time" brought its fulfilment.

And yet, on the other hand, it is the New-Testament story which the aspect of Palestine to-day best illustrates. The Christian traveller finds what he goes there to seek, — the foot-prints of his Lord. While most of the Jewish story is effaced and lost there, the Christian record has its clear sign in Judea and Samaria and Galilee. The relics of the Judges and the Kings and the Prophets are few and obscure; but everywhere the Evangelists seem to repeat their word. When one stands upon the Mount of Olives, it is hard, even in imagination, to see here the centre and crown of Solomon's glorious realm; but it is easy to see the city as the Saviour saw it, and to feel all the force of his sad lament. Judah has no dwelling-place now upon the hills of Judea; and you find Jewish customs in their freshness and vitality more in the cities of Europe than in the cities of Canaan. In Amsterdam, in Prague, in Frankfort, in Vienna, even in Rome, there is as much of the Old Testament as in the city of Jerusalem. The justice of the *cadi's* court there is not according to the statutes of Moses; the merchandise of the bazaars is not in the Jewish style of traffic; the dress, language, manners, of the Hebrew race there are not those of the ancient day. The geography and

antiquities of Palestine, which are most trustworthy as well as most interesting, are the Christian geography and antiquities. Making all allowance for monkish lies, the Palestine of the time of Christ, narrow as it is, stands out in better relief than the Canaan which Joshua gave to the tribes: the Roman province, with Pilate and Herod for rulers, appears now in the Pachalik, — half Turk, half Arab. Christians have a *home* in the land, possessions which they hold securely; and these possessions are monuments of the first time of their faith. But what home have the Jews in the land of their fathers? what secure possession has Israel, either in Shiloh or Bethel or Jerusalem, either on the hill or on the plain? His monuments are only in the harsh names of a hostile faith.

We would not be thought, in these remarks, to undervalue the labors of those who have set themselves so patiently to discover and to explain the Jewish geography of the sacred land. We rather welcome any addition of this kind to our knowledge, however slight it may be. The laborers deserve praise all the more that their work has so little sympathy. The multiplication of books about Palestine cannot keep back the tendency to join this land to the other lands of the world, instead of viewing it as a land separate and apart. In Ritter's work, Palestine is only one chapter, and by no means the best or most satisfactory chapter, in his great "*Erdkunde*," his universal geography. We bring the history and place of the Holy Land into the history and place of civilization, and take it along with the ancient empires. We do not care for the scrutiny which shall show how God had his special abode on these hill-sides and in these cities, and how the Infinite Creator was fastened to the narrowness of a Semitic tribe; but we receive thankfully any thing which shall show the habitation and development of that great idea which has given us the spiritual Father of our Christian faith. It is a commendation of the work, as the editor of these volumes suggests in his preface, that it is written by a Christian believer. Ritter's faith, nevertheless, was not a literal Bibliolatry, that found in the Scripture records a word of God unlike and apart from all other teaching of science or Providence. There is no Biblical cant



in his investigation. Porter, in that beautifully printed, but most hasty, superficial, and self-sufficient description of "Syria's Holy Places," recently published, gives a long catalogue of what he calls "texts of Scripture illustrated," in his narrative. It is only weaving into the narrative passages of Scripture, selected from their seeming aptness, leaving the pietistic impression of some peculiar work of God in the destruction of these forsaken cities. These perpetual quotations from the Prophets are insufferably wearisome, and take from the work its scientific credit. A geographer of the Holy Land justifies his Christian intelligence and sincerity better in showing what time and change, the natural forces and the natural laws, have done there, than in awakening echoes of lost prophetic voices, though these were once the word of Jehovah. It will not do to show on the face of the land any other influence, whether in deluge or fire, or the ravage of war or the fall of kings, than the influence of the elements and of the passions of men everywhere and in all lands. The "*comparative geography*" must be that which compares not only the face of the land with the visions of Ezekiel and Isaiah, but with the face of other lands, — with China and India and Persia and Egypt and Greece; the laws of Moses with the laws of Brahma and Confucius and Menu and Lycurgus. It is the best service to get for Palestine its proper place in universal geography and history.

The theory of Ritter is the wise theory, that the physical conditions of the land make the characteristics of any people, and that the Jews were no exceptions to this general rule; that Israel was made God's people by its dwelling-place, and not by arbitrary choice. We cannot close this notice of his work more fitly, than in repeating this true and beautiful passage from the introductory chapter of his second volume: —

"Within the narrow limits of Palestine we must look for the foundations of that kingdom of truth, as well as of error, which has now become a subject of historic inquiry; we must trace the latest results to their primitive causes in the geographical conditions of the country: for even here there is opportunity for such agents as the soil under man's foot, and the atmosphere over his head, to have influence. If every garden plot owes a part of the rapid progress in flowering and



in fruitage to the skilful and careful hand of the gardener, cannot every land in God's wide creation trace, under His wise direction, some measure of mutual action and re-action between the country and the people who inhabit it? Our historians have many things yet to learn; and even yet they continue to fall into one-sided speculations, which betray them and lead them astray. But here is one elemental truth: history does not lie in a domain adjoining nature, so to speak, but actually within the bosom of nature; history and nature are at one, as God looks down upon them from his canopy of stars. In studying the human soul, the mode of its training, the way of its working, — and that is history, — we cannot leave out of our view the outward field in which it finds its home, the world where it meets the phenomena which it investigates. In spite of the self-confidence of that pretence which science sometimes makes in the person of some of her votaries, — of finding all that she needs in the soul of man and in a mere world of subjective realities, — we may assert, that a close study of the outward world, as the soul's training-place, is the only true key to history."

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#### ART. III. — MADAME RÉCAMIER AND HER FRIENDS.

*Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame Récamier.* Translated from the French and edited by ISAPHENE M. LUYSTER. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867. 16mo, pp. xxii., 408.

WE have here the two octavo volumes of the original French, admirably re-arranged, condensed, and translated into faithful and elegant English. Nothing of the original which is important, instructive, or entertaining, has been sacrificed. Yet the Messrs. Roberts Brothers, whose publishing house is distinguishing itself for the valuable and handsome books it issues, offer the work to the public, in a single charming volume, at less than a third of the cost of the original. It is one of the best books of the kind ever produced, full of an interest both fascinating and edifying. As a book of culture in the art of noble character and noble manners, we wish it might be thoughtfully read by every intelligent woman in our land. It would do a world of good, if, as is supposed, the

choicest examples have a contagious power to impart their traits to those who gaze on them. We thank Miss Luyster for the graceful performance of her fine task, and trust she will win honor and remuneration.

Julie Bernard was born at Lyons, in 1777; was married, when fifteen, to the wealthy banker, Jacques Récamier, at Paris; and died there in 1849. In 1859, her memoirs and correspondence were edited by her niece, Madame Lenormant. We cannot but deeply deplore that this copious collection contains so little from the pen of Madame Récamier herself: the brief and rare specimens of her composition preserved are of such choice merit, that we must deem the destruction of her manuscripts, by her own order, a great loss to the reader. But a score of her most illustrious contemporaries have left descriptions of her and tributes to her, from which a satisfactory knowledge of her character may be gained.

The life of Madame Récamier is interesting in a pre-eminent degree, on account of the warmth, elevation, and fidelity of the friendships which filled it. Her personal loveliness and social charm made her a universal favorite, and gave her an unparalleled celebrity. But, full as her career was of romantic adventures, rich as it was in brilliant associations, its key-note throughout, its strongest interest at every point, is friendship. Unlike those of so many of the famous women of France, her friendships were as remarkable for their rational soundness, purity, and tenacity, as for their fervor. They were free from every thing morbid or affected. An adverse fate forbade the love to which she seemed destined by her bewitching beauty and grace: and a certain divine chill in the blood, a stamp from Diana in the senses, turned all the warmth of affection upwards into the mind, to radiate thence in her face and manners, and to make her a high priestess of friendship. The pure and wise Ballanche, who idolized her, said that she was originally an Antigone, of whom people vainly wished by force to make an Armida.

Her nominal husband is supposed by some to have been in reality her father; the marriage being merely a titular one,

to secure his fortune to her in case of his death by the guillotine, of which he was then in daily dread. Deprived of the usual domestic vents of affection, her rich heart naturally led her to crave the best substitute, friendship. And her matchless personal gifts, together with her truly charming traits of character, enabled her permanently to win and experience this in a very exalted degree. Reserving her many deep friendships with women for mention on a later page, we proceed to speak first of her memorable friendships with men, — friendships which it is refreshing and delightful to study. Her three principal friends were Montmorency, Ballanche, and Chateaubriand; all three original and extraordinary characters, and all three worthy — in spite of some drawbacks on the part of the last — of the extraordinary devotion she gave them. The letters of these three possess extreme interest. Especially, those of the first named are the unique monument of an affection whose purity and delicacy equalled its vivacity and depth.

Matthieu de Montmorency was one of the noblest of the nobility of France, alike in birth and in spirit. In his youth a voluptuous liver, he had afterwards undergone a genuine and solemn conversion. While in Switzerland, the news of the guillotining of his brother gave him such a shock, that it revolutionized his motives and his life. The gay, impassioned, fascinating man of the world became an austere and fervent Christian. The rich sensibility he had formerly spent in amours and display, henceforward ennobled by wisdom and sanctified by religion, lent a singular charm of tenderness and loftiness to his friendships. The memory of his own errors gave a gracious charitableness to his judgments; his sorrow imparted an incomparable refinement to his air; his grave and devout demeanor inspired veneration; his sweet magnanimity drew every unprejudiced heart. He had long been a fervent friend of Madame de Staël, when the youthful virgin-wife, the dazzling Julie Récamier, formed an engrossing attachment to that gifted woman. Drawn mutually to this common goal, the fore-ordained friends soon met. He was then fifty years old; she, twenty-three. Her extraor-

dinary charms of person and spirit,—her dangers, exposed, with such bewildering beauty and such peculiar domestic relations, to all the seductions of a most corrupt society, awakened at once his admiration, his sympathy, and his pity. An increasing intimacy revealing her irresistible sweetness of disposition, her many gifts and virtues, Montmorency found himself ever more and more drawn to her by the united bonds of reason, conscience, and affection. He undertook not merely to be her friend in the ordinary pleasures of sympathy, but, as a Christian, under the eye of God, sincerely and profoundly to befriend her. From that moment until his death, his devotion, though once severely tried, never faltered nor slumbered. He was to her more than a father and a brother; he was her guardian angel, as pure in feeling, as watchful to warn, to restrain, to encourage, to support, and console. For many years, through trying reverses of fortune, he visited her every evening. For many years each had a vital share in all that concerned the other; and, when he died, it was as if a large part of her being had been suddenly torn out of her soul, and transferred to heaven. The letters that passed between them form one of the most delightful and impressive records ever made of Christian friendship,—a record in which wisdom and duty are as prominent as affection.

Pierre Simon Ballanche, one of the most delicate and philosophical of French authors, most disinterested and affectionate of men, the perfect model of a friend, was born at Lyons in 1776. He was first introduced to Madame Récamier, in 1812, by their common friend, the generous and eloquent Camille Jordan. Ballanche, in an enthusiastic attachment to a noble, portionless young girl, had suffered a disappointment so deep, that it caused him to dismiss all thoughts of marriage for ever. He sought to ease the burden of rejected love by letting the sadness it had engendered exhale in a literary work. This exquisite work, called "*Fragments*," Jordan induced Madame Récamier to read: he also described to her the refined and magnanimous character of the author. Thus prepared, and aided by her own keen discernment, she immedi-



ately detected his choice talents, his rare vein of sentiment, his abiding hunger for affection. Ballanche was a philosopher of solitude, a poet and priest of humanity, — spending his days far from the crowd and uproar of the world, — his proper haunt the summits of the loftiest minds, the mysterious cradle of the destinies of society. His soul was an Æolian harp through which the music of the pre-historic ages played. Chastity and sorrow were two geniuses who unveiled to him the destiny of man. His philosophy, so redolent of the heart and the imagination, amidst the material struggles and selfishness of the time, has been compared to a chant of Orpheus in the school of Hobbes. The friendship which Madame Récamier gave this lonesome, sad, expansive, and lofty spirit, was as if a goddess had come down from heaven on purpose to minister to him. She brought him the attention he needed, the sympathy he pined for, the position and praise which were so grateful to his sensitive nature. She strove to win for him from others the recognition he deserved, to call out his powers, and to show off his gifts to the best advantage. Ballanche was timid, awkward, ugly, with no wealth, with no rank; but, in the sight of Madame Récamier, the treasures and graces of his soul were an intrinsic recommendation far superior to these outward advantages, and she was ready to honor it to the full.

Never was kindness more worthily bestowed; never was it more gratefully received. "I often," he says, "find myself astonished at your goodness to me. The silent, weary, sad man, whom others neglect, you notice, and seek with infinite tact to draw him out. You are indulgence and pity personified, and you compassionately see in me a kind of exile. Together with the feeling of a brother for a sister, I offer you the homage of my soul." From that time he belonged to her, and could not bear to live separate from her. Under her appreciation and encouragement, he expanded like a plant moved from a chill shade into the sunshine. His devotion was entire, and sought no equal return. It was simply the natural expression of his gratitude to her, his admiration of her, his delight in seeing her and being with

her. His love for her, like that of Dante for Beatrice, was a religious worship, a celestial exhalation of his soul, utterly free from every alloy of earth and sense. For thirty-four years, he was almost inseparable from her. He removed to Paris, that he might look on her every day. Wherever she travelled, abroad or at home, he was one of her companions. At her receptions of company, the fame whereof has gone through the world, he was invariably an honored and active assistant. And, despite his deformed face, and uncouth appearance and bearing, he was a great favorite with all the favored guests at the Abbaye-aux-Bois. To those who really knew him, his large, beaming eyes and noble forehead, his disinterested goodness, his literary and philosophical accomplishments, his modest unworldliness and attentive sympathy, redeemed his physical blemishes, and covered them with a radiance superior to that of mere beauty. The letters of Ballanche to Madame Récamier are charming in their originality. His praise of her is marked by an inimitable grace of sincerity and refinement:—

“Your presence, so full of magic, the sweet reflection of your soul, will be to me a powerful inspiration. You are a perfect poem; you are poesy itself. It is your destiny to inspire, mine to be inspired. An occupation would do you good; your disturbed and dreamy imagination has need of aliment. Take care of your health, spare your nerves: you are an angel who has gone a little astray in coming into a world of agitation and falsehood.”

What a reading of her inmost heart through her envied position, what matchless felicity of representation, in this picture of herself sent to her in one of his letters!—

“The phoenix, marvellous but solitary bird, is said often to weary of himself. He feeds on perfumes, and lives in the purest region of the air; and his brilliant existence ends on a pyre of odoriferous woods kindled by the sun. More than once, without doubt, he envies the lot of the white dove, because she has a companion like herself.”

In his high estimate of her talent, he tried to persuade her to undertake a literary work,—the translation and illus-

tration of Petrarch, which she actually began, but left unfinished.

"Your province, like my own," he writes, "is the interior of the sentiments; but, believe me, you have at command the genius of music, of flowers, of brooding meditation, and of elegance. Privileged creature, assume a little confidence, lift your charming head, and fear not to try your hand on the golden lyre of the poets. It is my mission to see that some trace of your noble existence remains on this earth. Help me to fulfil my mission. I regard it as a blessing that you will be loved and appreciated when you are no more. It would be a real misfortune if so excellent a being should pass merely as a charming shadow. Of what use is memory, if it does not perpetuate the beautiful and good?"

This league of lofty friendship, of endearing intercourse and service, held good while a whole generation of mortals came upon the stage and disappeared; and it throve with growing validity in the latest old age of the fortunate parties. Balanche believed, after the death of his mother, that he saw her, several successive mornings, enter his room, and ask him how he had passed the night. This ocular illusion affords us an affecting glimpse of his heart. He wrote to his friend, "Antiquity confides its weariness and grief to us, without doubt, to beguile us from our own."—"Had Orpheus never met Eurydice, his existence would have remained incomplete; and, in place of the cruel grief of her loss, he would have known another grief not less intense,—solitude of soul."—"I am alone, and the solitude weighs heavily upon me. Permit me to solace myself by talking a moment with you."—"I protest to you in all sincerity, that my one absorbing thought is my warm feeling of friendship for you. I have need to be assured by you, and that as often as possible, that this sentiment shall not end in unhappiness for me. The thought of that is an agony which terrifies me. You are so kind, you have so much sympathy for all unhappy persons, that I fear it is through pity and condescension that you show kindness to me." This expression was in the year 1816; but all such uneasiness soon vanished, and he learned

to rely on her sincere cordiality with a serene assurance which was the richest luxury of his life.

In 1830, Ballanche, publishing his chief work, the "*Palin-génésie Sociale*," dedicated it to Madame Récamier, in a form whose delicacy and fervor made it one of the most exquisite pieces of praise ever paid in letters. Alluding to Canova's portrait of Madame Récamier, in the character of the celestial guide of Dante, he says:—

"An artist enveloped in a grand renown, a sculptor who has just shed so much glory on the illustrious land of Dante, and whose graceful imagination the masterpieces of antiquity have so often exalted, one day, for the first time, saw a woman who seemed to him a living apparition of Beatrice. Full of that religious emotion which is the gift of genius, he immediately commanded the marble, always obedient to his chisel, to express the sudden inspiration of the moment; and the Beatrice of Dante passed from the vague region of poetry into the domain of substantial art. The sentiment which dwells in this harmonious countenance, now become a new type of pure and virgin beauty, in its turn inspires artists and poets. This woman, whose name I would here conceal, whom I would veil even as Dante does, is endowed with all the generous sympathies of our age. She has visited, with the select few, the haunts of lofty minds. Here, in this seat of imperturbable peace, of unalterable security, she has formed noble friendships,—those friendships which have filled her life, which, born under immortal auspices, are sheltered alike from time, from death, and from all human vicissitudes. I address myself, then, to her who has been seen as a living apparition of Beatrice. Can she encourage me with her smile,—with that serious smile of love and of grace, which expresses at once confidence and pity for the pains of probation, for the burdens of an exile that should end,—sweet and calm augury, wherein is revealed, even in the present, the certainty of our infinite hopes, the grandeur of our definitive destinies?"

When the good Ballanche was taken dangerously ill, Madame Récamier had just undergone an operation for cataract, and was under strict orders from the physician not to leave her couch. But, on the announcement of the condition of Ballanche, she immediately rose, and went to his bedside,



and watched by him until his last breath. In the anxiety and tears of this experience, she lost all hope of recovering her sight. Her incomparable friend received the supreme hospitality at her hands, and was buried in her family tomb,—leaving, in his works, a delightful picture of his mind; in his life, a perfect model of devotion. The removal of this soul, echo of her own; this heart, wholly filled by her; this mind, so gladly submissive to her influence,—could not but leave a mighty void behind. For, notwithstanding the wondrous array of gifts, attractions, and attentions lavished on her, her deep sensibility and interior loneliness made her often unhappy. She would sit by herself, in the twilight, playing from memory choice pieces of the great masters of music, the tears rolling down her cheeks. Friendship was more than a delight: it was a necessity to her.

De Tocqueville pronounced an exquisite eulogy by the grave of Ballanche, in the name of the Academy. La Prade, in the funeral address he delivered at Lyons, the birthplace of the deceased, said, “There was in his mind, in its serenity, its charming simplicity, its tenderness, something more than is found in the wisest and the best. His virtue was of a divine nature: it was at once a prolonged innocence and an acquired wisdom. Serene and radiant as his soul may now be in the mansions of peace, we can hardly conceive of it as more loving and more pure than we beheld it on this earth of infirmity and of strife.” What a delight it is to contemplate the relation that bound two such spirits together,—the measureless treasures of inspiration, solace, joy, it must have yielded to them both! Sarah Austin, who was in Paris at the time Ballanche died, and an intimate of the illustrious circle of friends, says, “I shall never forget the sort of consternation, mingled with sorrow, which this death caused. Everybody felt regret for so pure and excellent a man, but yet more of grief and pity for Madame Récamier, whose loss was felt to be overwhelming, and entirely irreparable.” Ampère says, in his cordial and glowing memoir of Ballanche, “While he was composing his ‘*Antigone*,’ Poetry appeared to him under an enchanting form. He became acquainted with her,

of whom he said that the charm of her presence laid his sorrows to sleep; who, after being the soul of his most elevated and delicate inspirations, became in later years the providence of every moment of his life." Ballanche himself often assured Madame Récamier, that the ideal of the "Antigone" of his dreams was revealed to him by her, and that, in drawing this perfect portrait, he had copied largely from her. "It was only through Eurydice," he writes, "that Orpheus had any mission for his brother-men. If my name survives me, as appears more and more probable, I shall be called the Philosopher of the Abbaye-aux-Bois, and my philosophy will be considered as inspired by you. This thought is my joy. I am now entering on the last stage of my life: however prolonged this stage may be, I know well what is at the end of it. I shall fall asleep in the bosom of a great hope, full of confidence that your memory and mine will live the same life." Fortunate friends! happy in their living union immaculate as heaven, happy in the grateful admiration and love of all fit souls who shall ever read of them!

And if he grieved because his words, his name,  
The breath of after-ages will not stir,  
'Tis but because he would impart his fame,  
And share an immortality with her;  
So might there, from the brightest, holiest flame  
That e'er did martyrdom of heart confer,  
Two shadowy forms of Truth and Friendship rise,  
To seek their home together in the skies.

Pervading and earnest, however, as were these attachments of Madame Récamier to Montmorency and Ballanche, the crowning passion of her life was her friendship for Chateaubriand. This grand writer and imposing person has described his first meeting with her:—

"I was one morning with Madame de Staël, who, at toilet in the hands of her maid, twirled a green twig in her fingers while she talked. Suddenly Madame Récamier entered, clothed in white. She sits down on a blue-silk sofa. Madame de Staël, standing, continues her eloquent conversation. I scarcely reply, my eyes riveted on Madame Récamier. I had never seen any one equal to her, and was more

than ever depressed. My admiration of her changed into dissatisfaction with myself. She went out, and I saw her no more for twelve years. Twelve years! What hostile power squanders thus our days, ironically lavishing them on the indifferences called attachments, on the wretchednesses named felicities!"

But it was in 1817, at a private dinner in the chamber of the dying Madame de Staël, that their real acquaintance began. The literary fame of Chateaubriand was then greater than that of any living man. He was a lofty, romantic, melancholy person, with a superb head and face, polished manners, and a grand vein of eloquence. Nothing was so deeply characteristic of Madame Récamier as her enthusiasm for brilliant minds, noble sentiment and conduct. It was this that had so fascinated her with Madame de Staël. The sure proof of the ideal nature of her attachments, their freedom from sensual ingredients, is this ruling stamp of reverence and loyalty. Those whom she admired the most enthusiastically she loved the most passionately. It could hardly fail that her imagination would be captivated with the chivalrous and imposing Chateaubriand, especially at such an affecting time. "He seemed the natural heir to Madame de Staël's place in her heart." Speaking of this overwhelming sentiment, thirty years later, she said, "It is impossible for a head to be more completely turned than mine was: I used to cry all day." Montmorency and Ballanche were greatly distressed, and not a little mortified and jealous. It was not that they had fallen into a lower and narrower place in her affection, but that they saw Chateaubriand installed in a higher and larger place. They feared that her peace would be wrecked in wretchedness by an intimate connection with one so discontented and capricious, — a sort of spoilt idol, a hero of *ennui*, filled with causeless melancholy, voracious of praise, querulous, exacting, his own imperious and inevitable personality ever uppermost. In vain they sought to warn and dissuade her from the new attachment. Montmorency seems to have fancied that the passion was not friendship, but love; and faithfully, with solemn energy, he adjured her, by all the

sanctions of religion, to guard herself. He soon learned his error, and gracefully apologized:—

“When I read your perfect letter, lovely friend, remorse seized me, and now fills my soul. I am deeply touched by the proofs of your friendship, and by the triumphs of your reason. I am, for friendship’s sake, proud of the exclusive privilege you accord to me of admission and consolation, and impatiently long to go and exercise the sweet right. Pardon me my letter of this morning. Adieu. Persist in your generous resolutions, and turn to Him who alone can strengthen them and reward them.”

The friendship of Madame Récamier and Chateaubriand became more absorbing and complete, and was destined to endure with their lives. “It was,” Madame Lenormant says, “the one aim of her life to appease the irritability, soothe the susceptibilities, and remove the annoyances of this noble, generous, but selfish nature, spoiled by too much adulation.” Her steady moderation, moral wisdom, beautiful repose, and sweet oblivion of self, were an admirable antidote to his extreme moods, uneasy vanity, and morbid depression. Communion with her serene equity, her matchless beauty, her inexhaustible tenderness, the experience of her constant homage, soothed his haughty and mordant, but magnanimous and affectionate, nature, and were an infinite luxury to him. An admiring recognition is almost a necessity for those highly endowed with genius. And Madame Récamier’s intense faculty of admiration, with her self-forgetting devotedness, exactly fitted her for this ministry. Chateaubriand became the first object of her life. Modifying her habits to suit his tastes, she made him, instead of herself, the centre around which every thing was to revolve. She devised endless means of lending an interest to his existence. She listened to every thing he wrote. She drew into her parlor, to meet him, all those persons who could interest or amuse him, or in any way give him pleasure. She diverted attentions from herself to him with exhaustless skill and generosity.

Such jealousy as can find a place in natures so noble is



easily to be traced in the letters of Ballanche and Montmorency. Chateaubriand calls Ballanche "the hierophant" or "the mysterious initiator," "the man the most advanced at the Abbaye-aux-Bois." Ballanche, in turn, calls Chateaubriand "the king of intelligence." But Madame Récamier's wonderful sweetness and discretion invariably restored the interrupted harmony. Nor, indeed, did she allow the superior attraction to cast her old friends in the shade. Several years after the death of Montmorency, which happened in church on a Good Friday, Chateaubriand wrote to her thus: "Yesterday I believed myself dying, as your best friend did. Then you would have found one resemblance at least between us, and perhaps you would have joined us in your heart." Five years after their first meeting, Chateaubriand, then ambassador at Berlin, writes to her, "That I shall see you in a month, seems a kind of dream to me." Twenty-five years later, two years before his death, he writes to her at a watering-place whither she had gone for her health, "Do not hasten back. I pass my time here in Notre Dame. It is well occupied; for I think only of you and of God." The persistence of an affection so profound and so pure as that of Madame Récamier bore its proper fruit, and ended by subduing Chateaubriand. Gratitude, respect, veneration, struck their roots to the very bottom of his heart. Little by little his self-occupied personality yields, and at last he writes to her, "You have transformed my nature." When she was alarmingly ill, in the winter of 1837, he, together with Ballanche, might be seen in the cold mornings,—"his beautiful white hair blown about by the wind, his physiognomy the image of despair,"—in the court of the Abbaye-aux-Bois, waiting for the doctor to come out. He then writes, "I bring this note to your door. I was so terrified yesterday at not being admitted, that I believed you were going from me. Ah! remember it is I who am to go before you. Never speak of what I shall do without you. I have not done any thing so evil that I should be left behind you."

She recovered, and devoted herself more than ever, if possible, through the years of his mental decay, to alleviate and

disguise the sad changes that came over him. Blindness began their separation before death came. Nothing can more emphatically bespeak her divine self-abnegation than the fact, that, for a long time after she had become perfectly blind, a dislike to trouble others with her infirmities led her to conceal the misfortune from her general acquaintance. Her eyes kept their brightness, and her hearing was most acute: she recognized, by the first inflection of the voice, those who drew near. The furniture was carefully arranged, always in the same way, so that she could move about confidently; and many persons, when she spoke of her "poor eyes," never dreamed that she had actually lost her sight.

After the decease of his wife, Chateaubriand besought Madame Récamier to marry him. She refused, on the ground, that, if she resided with him, the variety and pleasure his daily visits brought into the tedium of his existence would be destroyed. "Were we younger," she said, "I would gladly accept the right to consecrate my life to you. Age and blindness give me this right. I know the world will do justice to the purity of our relation. Let us change nothing." During his last sickness, he was as unable to speak as she was to see. She had the fortitude to undergo two operations on her eyes in the hope of looking on him once more; but in vain. By his bedside when he expired, she felt the sources of her life struck. She came from the room with no outward sign of distress, but clothed with a deadly paleness, which from that hour never left her. Her niece wrote at the time to a friend in England:—

"Those who, during the last two years, have seen Madame Récamier, blind, though the sweetness and brilliancy of her eyes remained uninjured, surrounding the illustrious friend whose age had extinguished his memory, with cares so delicate, so tender, so watchful,—who have seen her joy when she helped him to snatch a momentary distraction from the conversation around him, by leading it to subjects connected with that past which still lingered in his memory,—those persons will never forget the scene. They could not help being deeply affected with pity and respect at the sight of that noble beauty, brilliancy, and genius bending beneath the weight of age,

and sheltered, with such ingenious tenderness, by the sacred friendship of a woman who forgot her own infirmities in the endeavor to lighten his."

History scarcely affords a finer instance of the ministrations of womanhood to soothe the woes and supply the wants of man than is exhibited in the relation of Madame Récamier and Chateaubriand. His egotistic and restless mental activity; his exaggerated, perturbed, and gnawing self-consciousness; his despairing view of men; his alienation from the spirit of his age,—made him most lonely and unhappy. Meanwhile, his ardent poetic susceptibility, his soaring imagination, his impassioned tenderness, his knightly sentiments, his religious feeling, pre-eminently fitted him to enjoy the moral homage, the delicate, sympathetic attentions, of a woman crowned with every exalting attribute of her sex. He appreciated the prize at its full worth. When nothing else could any longer interest him, her charm retained its pristine power. When beyond his threescore and ten, he writes to her thus, at different times:—

"Other things are old stories: you are all that I love to see."—

"I am going to walk out with the lark. She shall sing to me of you: then she will be silent for ever in the furrow into which she drops."—

"I have only one hope graven on my heart, and that is, to see you again."—"Cherish faithfully your attachment to me: it is all my life. You see how my poor hand trembles; but my heart is firm."—

"I have but one thought,—fidelity to you: all the rest is gone."

For many years,—even after his noble faculties were broken, and he had lost the use of his limbs, so that he was forced to be carried into her room,—he passed the hours of every day, from three to six, with her. Amidst the ordinary hatreds, miseries, and indifferences of society, is it not indeed instructive and refreshing to see this example of a spotless friendship still yielding, in extreme old age, the interest, the solace, the happiness, which every thing else had ceased to yield?

Chateaubriand devotes to Madame Récamier the eighth volume of his "*Memoires d'Outre Tombe.*" He recognizes,

in her serious friendship, a support for the weariness of his life, a remuneration for all his sufferings.

"It seems, in nearing the close of my existence, as if every thing that has been dear to me has been dear to me in Madame Récamier, and that she was the concealed source of my affections. All my memories, both of my dreams and of my realities, have been kneaded into a mixture of charms and sweet pains, of which she has become the visible form. In the midst of these 'Memoirs,' the temple I am eagerly building, she will meet the chapel which I dedicate to her. Perhaps it will please her to repose there. There I have placed her image."

During the few months that she survived their loss, Madame Récamier often spoke of Chateaubriand and Ballanche together. Repeatedly, if the door chanced to open at the hour when these two friends had been accustomed to enter, she started; and, on being asked the reason, replied that at certain moments her thought of them was so vivid, that it amounted to an apparition. Only three days previous to her death, she received M. de Saint Priest, and took great interest in hearing him read the eulogy on Ballanche which he was about to pronounce before the Academy.

Besides these three chief friends, Madame Récamier had many others well deserving of separate mention. Paul David, nephew of her husband, was a most devoted and inseparable companion of her whole life. When she lost her sight, he used to read to her every evening. He was a poor reader, and, perceiving that she was sensitive to this defect, he secretly took lessons, at the age of sixty-four, to improve his elocution. Junot and Bernadotte were her ardent, lasting friends, always delighted to serve her. Her rare graces, and her generous goodness to Madame Desbordes-Valmore, disarmed the prejudices and won the heart of the gifted but misanthropic Latouche. The Duke de Noailles, who, under the envelop of a chill manner, concealed a conscientiousness of judgment, a constancy and delicacy of feeling, in strong sympathy with her own nature, was admitted to the rank and title of friend; "a serious thing," says her biographer, "for



her who, more than any one in the world, inspired and practised friendship in the most perfect sense of the word." He held a place in her esteem like that held by Matthieu de Montmorency. One of the latest and warmest of her friends was the brilliant and high-souled Ampère, introduced to her by Ballanche, who had been an intimate friend of his father, and who now loved the son with double fervor,—a debt which the grateful young man repaid with interest in a noble tribute to his memory. Never did a mother feel a deeper solicitude in the prospects of a darling son, or exert herself more devotedly to further his success; never did a son more thoroughly idolize a beautiful and good mother, than was realized between Madame Récamier and Ampère. Solely to please her, this most entertaining and most courted man in Paris devoted himself not merely to her, which would have been easy, but to Chateaubriand, which was difficult. Nothing can better illustrate her irresistible charm. And nothing can better illustrate the coarseness and ignorance of many of our critics, than the presumption with which one of them, in 1864, speaking of Ampère's funeral, says, "He was one of Madame Récamier's many lovers, and was bitterly disappointed at her refusal to marry him after the death of Chateaubriand!"

Such were the few principal men who penetrated to the centre of that select circle, in whose outer ranges of general benevolence the right of citizenship was granted to so many choice figures. Among the more distinguished of these latter may be named Benjamin Constant, the Duke de Doudeauville, De Gerando, Prosper de Barante, Delacroix, Gérard, Thierry, Villemain, Lamartine, Guizot, De Tocqueville, Sainte-Beuve. Surrounded by such persons as these, in the humble chamber to which, on the loss of her fortune, she had betaken herself, she presided like a priestess in the temple of friendship, ever pre-occupied with *them*, their glory her dominant passion, never herself seeking to shine, but only intent to elicit and display their gifts. Was it not natural that they should, in the humorous phrase of Ballanche, "gravitate towards the centre of the Abbaye-aux-Bois"?

Margaret Fuller, after seeing an engraving of Madame Récamier, writes in her journal, —

“I have so often thought over the intimacy between her and Madame de Staël. It is so true that a woman may be in love with a woman, and a man with a man. I like to be sure of it; for it is the same love which angels feel, where —

“ ‘ Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib. ’ ”

Of the friendship of women, perhaps none is more historic than this. A large selection from the correspondence was published, in 1862, by Madame Lenormant, in connection with a volume called “*Madame de Staël and the Grand Duchess Louise.*” It is impossible to read these letters without being struck by the rare grace that reigned in the union of which they are the witnesses, and being affected by the sight of a friendship so faithful, a confidence so entire.

The first meeting of these celebrated women took place when Madame de Staël was thirty-two, Madame Récamier twenty-one. Among the few existing papers from the pen of the latter is a description of this interview: —

“She came to speak with me for her father, about the purchase of a house. Her toilet was odd. She wore a morning gown, and a little dress bonnet adorned with flowers. I took her for a stranger in Paris. I was struck with the beauty of her eyes and her look. She said, with a vivid and impressive grace, that she was delighted to know me; that her father, M. Necker, — at these words I recognized Madame de Staël! I heard not the rest of her sentence. I blushed, my embarrassment was extreme. I had just come from reading her ‘*Letters on Rousseau,*’ and was full of the excitement. I expressed what I felt more by my looks than by my words. She at the same time awed and drew me. She fixed her wonderful eyes on me with a curiosity full of kindness, and complimented me on my figure in terms which would have seemed exaggerated and too direct if they had not been marked by an obvious sincerity, which made the praise very seductive. She perceived my embarrassment, and expressed a desire to see me often on her return to Paris; for she was then going to Coppet. It was then a mere apparition in my life; but the impression was intense. I thought only of Madame de Staël, so strongly did I return the action of this ardent and forceful nature.”

Madame de Staël was a plain, energetic embodiment of the most impassioned genius. Madame Récamier was a dazzling personification of physical loveliness, united with the perfection of mental harmony. She had an enthusiastic admiration for her friend, who in return found an unspeakable luxury in her society. Her angelic candor of soul, and the frosty purity which enveloped her as a shield, inspired the tenderest respect; while her happy equipoise calmed and refreshed the restless and expensive imagination of the renowned authoress. There could be no rivalry between them. Both had lofty and thoroughly sincere characters. They were partly the reflection, partly the complement, of each other; and their relation was a noble and blessed one, charming and memorable among such records. "Are you not happy," writes Madame de Staël, "in your magical power of inspiring affection? To be sure always of being loved by those you love, seems to me the highest terrestrial happiness, the greatest conceivable privilege." Again, acknowledging the gift from her friend of a bracelet containing her portrait, she says, "It has this inconvenience: I find myself kissing it too often." In 1800, Madame Récamier had a brilliant social triumph in England: "Ah, well, beautiful Juliette! do you miss us? Have your successes in London made you forget your friends in Paris?" Madame Récamier was the original of the picture of the shawl-dance in "*Corinne*;" and her friend says of her, in the "*Ten Years of Exile*," "her beauty expressed her character." The following passages, taken from letters written in 1804, show how the intimacy had deepened:—

"For four days, faithless beauty, I have not heard the noise of the wind without thinking it was your carriage. Come quickly. My mind and my heart have need of you more than of any other friend." — "I have just seen Madame Henri Belmont. People say that all beautiful persons remind them of you. It is not so with me. I have never found any one who looks like you; and the eyes of this Madame Henri seem to me blind by the side of yours." — "Dear and beautiful Juliette, they give me the hope of seeing you when I return from Italy; then only shall I no longer feel myself an exile. I will receive

you in the chateau where I lost what of all the world I most loved ; and you will bring the feeling of happiness which no more exists there. I love you more than any other woman in France. Alas ! when shall I see you again ? ”

The friends passed the autumn of 1807 together at Coppet, with Matthieu de Montmorency, Benjamin Constant, and a brilliant group of associates, amidst all the romance in which the scenery and atmosphere of that enchanted spot is steeped. One day they made a party for an excursion on Mount Blanc. Weary, scorched by the sun, De Staël and Récamier protested that they would go no farther. In vain the guide boasted, both in French and German, of the spectacle presented by the Mer de Glace. “ Should you persuade me in all the languages of Europe,” replied Madame de Staël, “ I would not go another step.” During the long and cruel banishment inflicted by Napoleon on this eloquent woman, the bold champion of liberty, her friend often paid her visits, and constantly wrote her letters : —

“ Dear Juliette, your letters are at present the only interest of my life.” — “ How much, dear friend, I am touched by your precious letter, in which you so kindly send me all the news ! My household rush from one room to another, crying, ‘ A letter from Madame Récamier ! ’ and then all assemble to read it.” — “ Every one speaks of my beautiful friend with admiration. You have an ethereal reputation which nothing vulgar can approach.” — “ Adieu, dear angel. My God, how I envy all those who are near you ! ”

When an envious slanderer had greatly vexed and grieved Madame Récamier, Madame de Staël wrote to her, “ You are as famous in your kind as I am in mine, and are not banished from France. I tell you there is nothing to be feared but truth and material persecution. Beyond these two things, enemies can do absolutely nothing ; and your enemy is but a contemptible woman, jealous of your beauty and purity.” — “ Write to me. I know you address me by your deeds ; but I still need your words.”

In 1811, Madame de Staël resolved to flee to Sweden. Montmorency, paying her a parting visit, received from Na-



oleon an instant decree of exile. Madame Récamier determined, at any risk, to embrace her friend before this great distance should separate them. The generous fugitive wrote, imploring her not to come: "I am torn between the desire of seeing you and the fear of injuring you." No dissuasion could avail; but no sooner did she arrive at Coppet than the mean soul of Napoleon sought revenge, by exiling her also. The distress of Madame de Staël knew no bounds. On learning the fatal news, she wrote,—

"I cannot speak to you; I fling myself at your feet; I implore you not to hate me."—"What your noble generosity has cost you! If you could read my soul, you would pity me."—"The only service I can do my friends is to make them avoid me. In all my distraction, I adore you. Farewell, farewell! When shall I see you again? Never in this world."

Throughout the period of their banishment, the friends kept up an incessant correspondence, and often interchanged presents:—

"Dear friend," writes Madame de Staël, "how this dress has touched me! I shall wear it on Tuesday, in taking leave of the court. I shall tell everybody that it is a gift from you, and shall make all the men sigh that it is not you who are wearing it."

In return, some time later, she sends a pair of bracelets, and a copy of a new work from her pen, adding, "In your prayers, dear angel, ask God to give peace to my soul." In another letter she says, "Adieu, dear angel: promise to preserve that friendship which has given me such sweet days." And again,—

"Angel of goodness, would that my eternal tenderness could recompense you a little for the penalties your generous friendship has brought on you!"—"You cannot form an idea, my angel, of the emotion your letter has caused me. It is at the extremity of Moravia that these celestial words have reached me. I have shed tears of sorrow and tenderness in hearkening to the voice which comes to me in the desert, as the angel came to Hagar."

What a rare and high compliment is contained in the following passage :—

“ You are the most amiable person in the world, dear Juliette ; but you do not speak enough of yourself. You put your mind, your enchantment, in your letters, but not that which concerns yourself. Give me all the details pertaining to yourself.”—“ The hundred fine things Madame de Bigne and Madame de Bellegarde say of you and me, prove to me that I live a double life : one in you, one in myself.”

When Napoleon fell, in 1814, Madame de Staël hurried home from her long exile. The great news found Madame Récamier at Rome. In a few days, she embraced her illustrious friend in Paris. Close was their union, great their joy. It was absorbing admiration and devotion on one side : absorbing sympathy, respect, and gratitude, on the other. The power and charm of Madame Récamier were not merely in her ravishing beauty, imperturbable good nature, and all-subduing graciousness, but in her mind and character as well. Madame de Staël, who was a great critic, and no flatterer, says to her :—

“ What a charm there is in your manner of writing ! I wish you would compose a romance, put in it some celestial being, and give her your own natural expressions, without altering a word.”—“ You have a character of astonishing nobleness ; and the contrast of your delicate and gracious features, with your grand firmness of soul, produces an incomparable effect.”

The last letter written by the dying authoress to her friend concluded with the words, “ All that is left of me embraces you.” The survivor paid the pious rites of affection to the departed with the devotion which had marked their whole relation. And when, years afterward, on the loss of her property, Madame Récamier betook herself to the Abbaye-aux-Bois, in her humble chamber, where she was more sought and admired than ever in her proudest prosperity, the chief articles to be seen, in addition to the indispensable furniture, were, as Chateaubriand has described the scene, a library, a harp, a piano, a magnificent portrait of Madame de Staël by

Gérard, and a moonlight view of Coppet. Madame de Staël had once written to her: "Your friendship is like the spring in the desert, that never fails; and it is this which makes it impossible not to love you." Death caused no decay of that sentiment, but raised and sanctified it. Her translated friend now became an object of worship; and she devoted her energies, without stint, to extend and preserve the memory of the illustrious authoress.

The self-forgetting sympathy of Madame Récamier, the magical atmosphere of loveliness she carried around her, obtained for her many warm friendships with women no less than with men. Far foremost among these was Madame de Staël. But others also were very dear, and claim to be named. The widow of Matthieu de Montmorency was extremely attached to her, wrote her touching letters, took every opportunity to see her. Madame de Boigne, too, was joined with Madame Récamier in a relation of respect and affection truly profound and vivid. This lady was herself greatly distinguished for her beauty, as well as for her voice, which was compared with that of Catalani. She was much impressed by the noble behaviour of Madame Récamier at the time of her husband's bankruptcy, and, by her delicate attentions, secured the most grateful love in return. Their earnest and faithful affection lasted until death. A novel, entitled "*Une Passion dans le Grande Monde*," in which Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier are the two chief characters, was left by Madame de Boigne at her death for publication. It was published in 1866, and has produced quite a sensation.

One of Madame Récamier's sweetest friendships was with the accomplished and charming Elizabeth Foster, Duchess of Devonshire, the fame of whose exquisite loveliness traversed the earth. The duchess said of her friend, "At first she is good, then she is intellectual, and after this she is very beautiful," — a striking compliment, when spoken by one herself so dazzlingly gifted, in relation to an admired rival. The order of precedence in her charms, however, was differently recognized by men. They were subdued successively by her

beauty, her goodness, her judgment, her character. The Duchess of Devonshire had known all the romance and the sorrow of life. Her experience had left upon her a melancholy which attracted the heart almost as quickly as it did the eye, and lent to her something pensive and caressing. Although a Protestant, she had formed, during her long residence in Rome, an entire friendship with the Cardinal Consalvi, the prime-minister and favorite of Pope Pius VII. through his whole pontificate. These two beautiful women, as soon as they met, felt, by all the laws of elective affinity, that they belonged to each other. The death of the Pope was followed in a few months by that of his Minister and friend. During the illness of Consalvi, Madame Récamier shared all the hopes, fears, and distresses of the duchess. And when the fatal event had befallen, and the Cardinal was laid in state, and the romantic and despairing woman would go to look on her dead friend, she accompanied her, deeply veiled, through the crowd, and kneeled with her, amidst the solemn pomp, in tears and prayer, beside the unanswering clay. The duchess was struck to the heart by this irreparable loss. All that a devoted sympathy could yield to soothe and sustain, she received from Madame Récamier. And when, soon after, unable to speak, she lay dying, she silently pressed the hand of this faithful friend as the last act of her existence.

Madame Récamier retained to the last her enviable power of inspiring affection. Madame Lenormant says that the Countess Caffarelli found her, in her age and blindness, watching by the deathbed of Chateaubriand. Drawn by her singular goodness, she sought to share with her in these holy cares. She became the loving and beloved associate of the final hour. This admirable person worthily closes the list — the rich and bright list — of the friends of Madame Récamier.

In her youth, the first wish of Madame Récamier was the wish to please; and she was, no doubt, a little too coquettish, not enough considerate of the masculine hearts she damaged, and the feminine hearts she pained. The Duke de Laval said, "The gift of involuntary and powerful fascination was her



talisman." Not, sometimes, to make a *voluntary* use of that talisman, she must have been more than human. As years and trials deepened her nature, she sought rather to make happy than merely to please. She always cared more to be respected than to be flattered, to be loved than to be admired. Admiration and sympathy were stronger in her than vanity and love of pleasure: reason and justice were strongest of all. Her judgment was as clear, her conscience as commanding, her sincerity, courage, and firmness as admirable, as her heart was rich and good. When Fouché said to her, in her misfortunes and exile, "The weak ought to be amiable," she instantly replied, "And the strong ought to be just." Her exquisite symmetry of form, her dazzling purity of complexion, her graciousness of disposition, her perfect health, her desire to please and generous delight in pleasing, — composed an all-potent *philtre*, which the sympathy of every spectator drank with intoxicating effect. She discriminated, with perfect truthfulness, the various degrees of acquaintance and friendship. She made all feel self-complacent, by her unaffected attention causing them to perceive that she wished their happiness and valued their good opinion. Ballanche tells her, "You feel yourself the impression you make on others, and are enveloped in the incense they burn at your feet." Wherever she went, as if a celestial magnet passed, all faces drifted towards her with admiring love and pleasure. By her lofty integrity, her matchless sweetness and dexterity, as by a rare alchemy, she transmuted all her fugitive lovers into permanent friends. Her talents were as attractive as her features: little by little her conversation made the listener forget even her loveliness. Saint-Beuve says, "As her beauty slowly retreated, the mind it had eclipsed gradually shone forth, as on certain days, towards twilight, the evening star appears in the quarter of the heaven opposite to the setting sun." Her voice was remarkably fresh, soft, and melodious. Her politeness never forsook her: with an extreme ease of manner she had a horror of familiarity as well as of all excess and violence. Her moderation of thought, serenity of soul, velvet manner, were as unwearying as reason and harmony.

Without pretence of any sort, she hid, under the full bloom of her beauty and celebrity, like humble violets, modesty and disinterestedness. At the time of her death, Guizot, when a distinguished American lady asked him what was the marvel of her fascination, replied, with great emotion, "Sympathy, sympathy, sympathy." She had none of that aridity of heart which regular coquetry either presupposes or produces. Deprived by destiny of those relations which usually fill the heart of woman, she carried into the only sentiment allowed her, a tender ardor, a faithfulness and delicacy unequalled; and the veracity of her soul joined with her singular discretion, gave her friends a most enjoyable sense of security. Ballanche called her "the genius of devotedness;" and Montalembert named her "the genius of confidence."

From the most dangerous and deteriorating influences of her position, she found a safeguard in active works of charity. Her pecuniary generosity, in her days of opulence, was boundless. She seemed to feel that every unfortunate had a right to her interest and her assistance. "Disgrace and misfortune had for her," avowed one who knew her entirely, "the same sort of attraction that favor and success usually have for vulgar souls; and under no circumstances was she ever false to this characteristic." The fine taste she had for literature and art, the great pleasure she took in their beauties, the natural grace and good-will with which she expressed her admiration, furnished precisely that kind of incense which authors and artists love to breathe. Old Laharpe, who in her young days had derived the deepest solace and delight from her attention and praise, wrote to her, "I love you as one loves an angel." The readiness with which the word "angel" rises to the lips of her friends is striking. Almost every one of them applies the word to her on almost every occasion. Madame de Krüdner writes to her, "I shall have the happiness, I hope, dear angel, of embracing you to-morrow, and talking with you." All seemed instantly to recognize something angelic in her expression. It was in her disposition as much as in her appearance, — apparently in the latter, because in the former, as Ballanche said to her, —

"In you, thought, taste, and grace will ever be united in one harmonious whole. I am fascinated at the idea of so perfect a harmony, and want the whole world to know what I so easily divine. It will be your mission to make the intrinsic character of beauty fully understood, to show that it is an entirely moral thing. Had Plato known you, he need not have resorted to so subtile an argument. You would have made him alive to a truth that was always a mystery to him; and that rare genius would thus have had one more title to the admiration of the world."

There was something celestial in her motions, that suggested the undulations of a spirit, rather than joints and muscles; and made her soul and flesh one melody. As to her heavenly temper of goodness, there is but one voice from all who knew her. She accorded to the sufferings of self-love a pity and kindness seldom shown to them. She had the sweetest faculty for dressing the wounds of envy and jealousy, soothing the lacerations of rivalry and hate, assuaging the bitterness of neglected and revengeful souls. For all those moral pains, or griefs of imagination, which burn in some natures with a cruel intensity, she was a true sister of charity. To the rest of her winsome gifts she added, according to the unanimous testimony of the witnesses, this rare and resistless quality, the power of listening to, and occupying herself with, others,—the secret both of social success, and of happiness without that success. "She said little," De Tocqueville avers, "but knew what each man's *forte* was, and led him to it. If any thing was said particularly well, her face brightened. You saw that her attention was always active, always intelligent." Lamartine said, "As radiant as Aspasia, but a pure and Christian Aspasia, it was not her features only that were beautiful: she was beautiful herself. Sarah Austin affirmed, "It was the atmosphere of benignity which seemed to exhale like a delicate perfume from her whole person, that prolonged the fascination of her beauty." And Lemoine declared, in his eloquent obituary notice, "In the hearts of those who had the honor and the happiness of living in constant intercourse with her, Madame Récamier will for ever remain the object of a sort of adoration which we should find it impossible to express." The



only fault her friends would confess in her was the generous fault of too great toleration and indulgence. To dwell unkindly on this is as ungracious a task as to try to fix a stain on a star.

Arrayed in her divine charms; armed with irresistible goodness and archness; enriched with equal wisdom and uprightness, every movement a mixture of grace and dignity; protected by an *aureole* of purity which always surrounded her; walking among common mortals, "like a goddess on a cloud," — she made it the business of her life to soften the asperities, listen to the plans, sympathize with the disappointments, stimulate the powers, encourage the efforts, praise the achievements, and enjoy the triumphs, of her friends. No wonder they loved her, and thronged around her alike in prosperity and in adversity. To appreciate her character is a joy; to portray her example, a duty. She was a kind of saint of the world.

The only fault Sainte-Beuve can find with the spirit of the society she formed, and governed so long with her irresistible sceptre, is that there was too much of complaisance and charity in it. Stern truth suffered, and character was enervated, while courtesy and taste flourished: "The personality or self-love of all who came into the charmed circle was too much caressed." One can scarcely help lamenting that so gracious a fault is so rarely to be met in the selfish and satirical world; that the opposite fault of a harsh carelessness is so much more frequent as to make this seem almost a virtue. Cast in an angel's mould, and animated with an angel's spirit, her consciousness vacant of self, vacant also of an absorbing aim, ever ready to install the aim of any worthy person who came before her, she was such a woman as Dante would have adored. It seems impossible not to recognize how much fitter a type of womanhood she is for her sex to admire than those specimens who spend their days in publicly ventilating their vanity, feverishly courting notoriety and power; or those who, without cultivation, without expansion, without devotion, without aspiration, lead a life of monotonous drudgery, with not a single interest beyond their own homes.



All who have written on this most admired and beloved woman have had much to say of the secret and the lesson of her sway. One ascribes her dominion to a skilful flattery, another to a marvellous tact, another to an indescribable magic. But really the secret was simple and obvious. It was the refined suavity and womanliness of her nature, the ineffable charm of a temper of invincible sweetness and kindliness, a ruling "desire to give pleasure, avert pain, avoid offence, render her society agreeable to all its members, and enable every one to present himself in the most favorable light." Let the fair creatures made to adorn and reign over society add to their beauty, as Sarah Austin observes, the proper virtues of true-born and Christian women, — gentleness, love, anxiety to please, fearfulness to offend, meekness, pity, an overflowing good-will manifested in kind words and deeds, — and they may see in the example before us how high and lasting its empire is. This is the true secret revealed, the genuine lesson taught, by the rare career we have been reviewing.

After this glorious example of the moral mission of woman, — glorious despite its acknowledged imperfections, — it is not necessary to deny the common assertion, that men have a monopoly of the sentiment of friendship. Neither is it necessary to expatiate on the great happiness this sentiment is capable of yielding in the comparatively narrow and quiet lives of women, or to insist on the larger space which ought to be assigned to the cultivation of it in those lives. The moral of the whole subject may be put into one short sentence, namely this: The chief recipe for giving richness and peace to the soul is, less of vague passion, less of ambitious activity, and more of dedicated sentiment in the private personal relations.

How little matter unto us the great !  
What the *heart* touches, — that controls our fate.  
From the full galaxy we turn to one,  
Dim to all else, but to ourselves the sun ;  
And still, to each, some poor, obscurest life  
Breathes all the bliss, or kindles all the strife.  
Wake up the countless dead ; ask every ghost,  
Whose influence tortured or consoled the most ?

How each pale spectre of the host would turn  
From the fresh laurel and the glorious urn,  
To point where rots, beneath a nameless stone,  
Some heart in which had ebb'd and flow'd its own !

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#### ART. IV.—MAURICE DE GUÉRIN.

*The Journal of Maurice de Guérin.* With an Essay by MATTHEW ARNOLD, and a Memoir by SAINTE-BEUVE. Translated by EDWARD THORNTON FISHER. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867.

THIS Journal, which is at last brought out in an American edition, extends only from July, 1832, to October, 1835, and covers that period of Guérin's life which was embraced between his twenty-second and twenty-fifth year. Thus the work is brief. But brevity was no imperfection in Guérin: his writings rather resemble those paintings which his countrymen most admire,—works in miniature and surprising in accuracy. And this Journal, though it contains a record of no more than three years, yet presents Guérin at a time when his powers were freshest, most self-developed, and free from the influences of Parisian society,—the most heated, over-worked, and exaggerated of all societies; when, consequently, his faculties could labor without restraint, and thus appear with all their natural interest.

The Journal begins with Guérin at home in Languedoc; it transports us, after a few entries, to La Chênaie, on the edge of the forest of Coëtquen, in Brittany, where M. de La Mennais was residing and conducting his school. He remained there till September, 1833, when the school was broken up; and, after leaving La Chênaie, passed some time in Brittany, with friends whom he had met at the residence of M. de La Mennais. In February, 1834, he went to Paris; and from that time he appears in new surroundings, and with a character, externally at least, changed. Guérin lived about five years after he went to Paris, and died, at the age of twenty-nine, in 1839.

His Journal stops with 1835, as before said ; and all that we know of him thereafter is occasional writings, and the notices of a few friends. But we know enough to assure us, that he did not always preserve that fresh susceptibility to natural impressions which was and is his chief charm. Not that he became debauched or dissipated, or at all deficient in the qualities of a gentleman ; but it was precisely by gaining those qualities which allowed him to shine in *salons*, and to hold his own in repartee and social intercourse with men of wit, that he lost some of his original prestige,—that simple love of nature and thralldom to its charms that had separated him from the mass of conventional men, and given him the quality of “ distinction ” which Mr. Arnold claims for him.

The Journal, then, shows him in his best period : it presents the fullest account, and exhibits the most marked and striking contrast, of those two qualities which have been pointed out as Guérin’s characteristics, and as giving him his individuality. The first was his power of painting nature ; the second, his habit of introspection, and his most rare and admirable gift of stating clearly and justly the results of his observations. We do not wish to do again the work which M. Sainte-Beuve and Mr. Arnold have so excellently done,—emphasize these statements of Guérin’s peculiarities, and establish them by quotations from his writings. Whoever would see the process by which the result is reached, may find it worked out at length in those essays, or, still better, the original material in the book itself. But there are two remarks which we wish to make upon these topics, and which we think necessary to a right comprehension of Guérin’s character, and in referring him to his proper position.

In the first place, when it is said that Guérin was peculiarly alive to the life of nature, and that he not only felt and enjoyed its changing forms, but possessed the power of reproducing the influences that moved him, and idealizing them while reproducing them, it is not to be supposed that he was unique in this characteristic, or that he was the Coryphæus of a school that had never before existed. It is a cause of lamentation with French critics, that so few poets in their nation

have attempted the poetry of fireside and domestic life, or have been happy in a simple and lifelike rendering of nature. Whoever will take the trouble to look at M. Sainte-Beuve's "Causeries," will find, in that which serves as preface to a series of essays upon Cowper, the question stated, and the names and the works of the writers reviewed, who have made attempts in this department of poetry. The list is surprisingly small; and the opinion which Sainte-Beuve pronounces upon the result of their labors, supported as it is by the testimony of others well qualified to judge, will show us what a void there has been in French literature, and will prepare us for whatever transports Frenchmen may manifest, when they meet with writings fitted to supply the national defect. Now it is this condition of French literature, undoubtedly, which accounts for part of the enthusiasm with which Guérin has been received. His writings, imperfect and fragmentary though they are, have shown that it was not a natural defect of the French taste and imagination, that suffered no classics in the sphere of simple and hearty country life; and that, in the homes of educated and noble-souled *châtelains*, there could dwell as pure and wholesome family affections, as in an English home might afford a theme for the pen of a Wordsworth or a Cowper. It is this which has given French critics so much joy; for Guérin, with his unaffected love of nature, his openness to its moods and aspects, though a prose-writer, is essentially a poet. His poet-nature would be disputed by few; and hence his countrymen can appeal to him, when French taste and French naturalness and simplicity are called in question.

It is this reservation which, while allowing Guérin all merited honors, must be borne in mind, when one reads the somewhat exaggerated notice by Mr. Arnold. Maurice de Guérin has certainly "distinction;" he possesses some rare qualities: "there is much to be gained from his book for poetry, much for the elevation of the soul, and much for the contemplation of nature." But, though he has distinction, he is not pre-eminently distinct from others. What qualities he has, he shares with many of our English writers; and, though he is well



worthy, judged only by the promise he showed, to take his place by their side, yet he does not surpass them: he may be their equal, but he is not their superior. Even limiting his specialty to what Sainte-Beuve in another Essay restricts it, — “to the sentiment, not so much of details, as of the sacred *ensemble* and universality of nature; a sentiment of the origin of things and the sovereign principle of life,” — yet no one would say, that, even compared with sole reference to this capacity, he surpasses Wordsworth or Keats; and, if you prefer to find his power, as most readers will, in the minute descriptions of the external world, there are pages of Cowper, both in prose and in poetry, equal to what Guérin has written. And, even looking away from the great models of poetry, and confining our comparisons to our own land, there are touches in Hawthorne’s writings which equally proclaim the master, and which equally show a mind open to whatever aspect nature may put on. The extracts from his Diary, lately published in the “Atlantic Monthly,” are the writings which, in this respect, most nearly resemble Guérin’s; and the relative powers of the two artists, as exhibited in lines equally private and equally unintended for publication, admit of curious comparison. Making all the allowance that maturity and immaturity of powers may demand, it will be seen that both the writers are artists, and that both enjoyed gifts differing very little in quality.

The second point to which we would direct attention is the state of Guérin’s moral constitution during the time noted by the Journal, or at least until the period when Guérin left M. de La Mennais’ care, and had hanging over him the necessity of moving out of his seclusion, and solving the problem of the sphere of his faculties, and the course to be taken for their development. For somewhat more than the first year which this Journal records, and hence for the whole of Guérin’s previous life, one stage of which we see end and another begin in these pages, he was like those sea-weeds which he somewhere describes, sending down their tendrils into the water that supports them, and from which they draw their sustenance, while yet they have no fixed root, and are driven along at the mercy

of the waves. Moral power—will, the faculty of separating one's self from disturbing accidents and living in a world of calm, holding one's self well poised and collected—was unknown to him, and without ground in his experience. He was conscious of this defect; and he displays, in the analysis of those of his feelings which relate to it, all that keenness and accuracy of observation which we perceive in his descriptions of outward nature. And hence, when you read his *Journal* and find his inner self there portrayed, you see that you have before you a being without moral energy, and yet of so full sympathy with the life of birds and beasts and the fashions of the earth and sky, that he appears to be but a part of nature, and you can almost understand what he means, when he talks of "that mysterious breath that pervades all intelligences." And when you analyze, with what power you can, your own disposition, you feel that you, too, have something in you that connects you with lower forms of life. You almost doubt whether your superiority to the brute is so absolute as you have imagined. You are led to reason from one case to all, and to suspect that the moral nature in man is not fixed and perfect through all periods of his life, but that it grows with his growth; and that, coming forth from the sensuous and unreflecting life of childhood or brutehood, it increases with more or less success, and in different individuals with different degrees of development. Thus Guérin leads you to think, that, if to many men there were given as great a power of self-examination as he possessed, there might be discovered many of the now missing links between the brute and the human creation; that thus the moral nature might be exhibited in its growth, and a more perfect harmony and development be manifested in the different orders of living beings. And Guérin, by his want of will and his subjection to that emotional and sensitive part of his nature, which for so many years held authority over him, seems himself to be one of those links binding us to lower forms of life by our feelings and our passions, but uniting us to higher forms by our possibilities of progress. And it is not long, in fact, before you see the germs of a will and of a moral energy starting up in him, and mani-

festing themselves by cries of regret, by longings and stern resolutions. But this Journal, so short a way does it take us, does not exhibit him as travelled so far towards perfection, that the moral powers can be recognized in him in their fullness. His subsequent letters, and the accounts of his friends, show him in a state where he has made a nearer approach to calmness, and obtained some mastery over his impulses and his feelings. But yet there were reasons imbedded in his physical constitution, that forbade his attaining perfection in this part of his nature; and the progress that he did make, was, it is to be feared, not without hurt to his freshness and simplicity.

These are the reflections which have occurred to us upon reading Guérin's remains, and the Essays of Sainte-Beuve and Arnold that introduce them. In making them, we have not wished to injure the reputation which the name of Guérin has obtained with those — we fear too few — who know the rare and amiable qualities of the brother and sister; nor have we wished to exalt any thing English or American at the expense of any thing French, but rather, while emphasizing the true claims of the brother to admiration, to throw the true light upon his character, and bring him into relation with other names which we have learned to venerate.

We are glad that his Journal is now put into an English dress, and that thus the circle of his readers may be widened. Mr. Fisher has made his version with an accuracy that leaves little room for question; but there is a want of harmony between different parts of the work, and for which not Mr. Fisher but the French editor is responsible. We do not know how it has happened, but Sainte-Beuve seems to have had access to more abundant sources than M. Trebutien. Page 43, compared with page 100, shows Sainte-Beuve's quotations to be fuller than the text, — a strange reversal of custom; and the sentence omitted from the text adds something to the description. Page 44, again, has two paragraphs more than page 101. But the difference between Sainte-Beuve's quotations and the Journal is shown still more strikingly in that form of his preface which he has published in the fifteenth volume of his

"Causeries." The discrepancy relates to the records for Dec. 8 and 20, 1833, a part of the present publication which, as those familiar with the book know, is perhaps of greatest interest; and yet Sainte-Beuve's new preface has a number of striking passages or little turns of expression that are wholly ignored by M. Trebutien, and, of course, by his American translator. Sainte-Beuve quotes a paragraph or two, and apparently omits more, that are found neither in his original preface nor in the published Journal. We pass over these; but we wish to call attention to two or three additional details that he has given to the description which Guérin has written of his life at M. de La Morvonnais'. They seem to us curious and of interest. To what is said on page 104, "the subsequent walk, a sort of greeting and adoration that we offer to nature," Sainte-Beuve quotes, in addition, "for it seems good to me, after having worshipped God directly in the morning prayer, to bend the knee to that mysterious power that he has given for the adoration of a few,"—a mystical sentence, but perhaps of importance in deciding Guérin's theological position. Again, to "dinner announced . . . by a gentle voice," the new preface adds, "that calls us from below,"—a little detail; but the whole passage is taken up with the *menus détails* of Morvonnais' housekeeping. So the Journal speaks of "the crackling fire of dry brush around which we draw our chairs just afterwards;" but, instead of "just afterwards," Sainte-Beuve adds, "after that sign of the cross which bears to heaven our rendering of thanks." Neither Sainte-Beuve nor M. Trebutien speak of "various readings" to Guérin's Journal; and these discrepancies are somewhat strange. Some of them, however, may perhaps be accounted for by the remark of the French critic, that "the present edition bears, on many a page, the marks of the religious scruples of Guérin's friends."



ART. V. — SOCIAL EMULATION, AS A FEATURE OF  
AMERICAN LIFE.

*New America.* By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. Philadelphia :  
J. B. Lippincott & Co.

MR. DIXON'S vivacious and entertaining story deals — as we have remarked elsewhere — mainly with a few phenomena, mostly abnormal, in the social and religious life of this country, which are doing their part to shape out a "new America," differing, in many most important features, from what is familiar and old. We shall not attempt, at this time, to discuss the general character of that revolution whose germs and elements he seeks in the chaos of new opinions and strange experiments; but rather to trace the influence of a single motive, — perhaps more potent than any other single one in effecting those more superficial changes which strike every traveller's eye, and perhaps equally important with any other in affecting the tone and quality of our people's moral life. We mean the motive of social emulation, to which the strength and the weakness, the safety and the danger, of our American life are largely due, — a motive never before so active and wide-spreading in its operation as now and here.

Nowhere but in a young, prosperous country, uncrowded, with undeveloped and unlimited resources, could this principle have the sway it possesses among ourselves. In older nations, emulations are confined within narrow bounds. A certain spirit of contentment, born of circumstances that promise but doubtful prizes to ambition or rewards to effort, captivates the heart weary with observing the restlessness and forward-pushing desires of our own people. But, where this moderation or contentment prevails, we find feeble and dispirited energies, unawakened or drowsy powers, and a fixed mediocrity of affairs. Old abuses go uncured. Permanent inequalities prevail. Along with unknown and unused resources, there is needless poverty, stereotyped dulness and thinness of life.

Doubtless, no state of society is so picturesque as one in which broad contrasts are produced by unequal laws: on one side, a lofty aristocracy; on the other, a meek and dependent vassalage. None is so saintly in seeming as that in which a showy asceticism, accompanied with a sentimental devoutness, produces faces and costumes which are the delight of artists and the awe of ritualists. And, besides the picturesque effect, there is often an advantage more substantial. A noble condescension in the high, or a tender reverence in the low; the loyalty of an implicit faith, or that order of graces which flows out of the relations of widely-contrasted classes of society, — cannot be had where the exalted of yesterday are brought low to-day, and the low of to-day are lifted up to-morrow. Still, justice is the only permanent foundation of political or social life. All legal or artificial inequalities are curses and wrongs. The freest nation, the most equitable law, has the surest guaranty of its stability and happiness.

Social emulation is the whip that stirs the slothful faculties and drowsy desires of that constitutionally idle animal, man. It is to this, in great measure, we owe our swift growth in wealth and civilization. No man is willing to be poorer, less favored, less respectable, than his neighbors. He must be as well clothed and as well appointed as they; his family must be as well dressed and housed as theirs; he will not be content with less of educational advantage, or religious privilege, or opportunity of literary culture, or facility of communication with the world at large. The railroad system of this country, that miracle of energy, wealth, and engineering skill, is due but in small part to immediate needs of commerce, or hope of pecuniary profit. Farmers have mortgaged their lands to invest in roads that merely increased their sense of being in direct relations with the centres of life, and not behind the times; and this emulation has provoked and sustained enterprises of the most hopeless financial character. Take the Baltimore and Ohio Road, for example, — running directly across the bed of numerous torrents, or laid in rocky troughs, or raised on huge embankments, or lifted on stilted tressels, — here heaving an expensive bridge, there diving into a tunnel bored through

a granite mountain.\* Contemplating the poverty of the region and the costliness of the road, one is dumb with wonder at that ambitious rivalry which would not allow Pennsylvania or New York to frame the only bonds between East and West, but compelled Maryland and Virginia to this herculean and magnificent task, at any cost to their resources. In the West, social emulation is the great civilizer. It bridges the Mississippi; it occupies the banks of the Colorado and Columbia; it carries schools, churches, colleges, all the comforts and refinements of the oldest parts of this country, into the newest Territories and States. Michigan claims the largest American university, most munificent in endowment, and most generous in plan. St. Louis is at this hour rebuilding the largest and most sumptuous hotel in the world, destroyed by the recent conflagration; is building an Episcopal church, perhaps the costliest on the continent; has the finest building for a Polytechnic Institute to be found in America; the noblest Post-office and City Hall; and has grown, in the last thirty years, from fourteen thousand inhabitants to upwards of two hundred thousand. Chicago, even more energetic and restless, rivals New York in bustle and stir, and in its vast territorial extent. With its elegant churches, its convenient and expensive school-houses, it looks in parts like a city hundreds of years old; while in other parts a mere collection of extemporized shanties. The best models of New-England schools, with the best teachers, are already scattered over Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and California. No Eastern churches that we have seen are as thoroughly equipped for parish uses and religious charities, as are found in Illinois, Missouri, and California. The social element is so predominant in Western piety, that the churches almost uniformly provide for every gratification and development of that feeling, — some even including arrangements for exhibiting tableaux and semi-dramatic

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\* Sixteen of these tunnels we counted, on a recent journey, in a few miles. The melting snow, followed by a bitter frost, had decked the sides of those rocky excavations with frozen stalactites of enormous proportions. A fringe of colossal circles hung from the opposite walls of the gleaming way, and, as the sun got power, melted into noisy cataracts, and echoed the thunder of the train.



shows, while furnishing all possible accommodation for parish parties. The same spirit of emulation improves domestic architecture, introducing water and gas and side-walks into the remotest towns. A lecturer in a Western village finds himself indebted for his flattering audience to the attractions of the novel gas-illumination; and, being eagerly solicited to repeat his address in a certain place, presently discovers that the anxiety is not to hear him, but simply to prevent Oshkosh from receiving any privilege which Fond du Lac may not enjoy. Frivolous as the motive may seem, it is a powerful spring of improvement in our whole new country. It first did its work in the East, where town academies and turnpikes were built fifty years ago under its inspiration; and is now transferring its domain to the West, where it is working its miracles of civilization with a rapidity and success that no less universal or less immediate motive could rival.

But it works for evil too, as well as good. The extravagant fashions, the late hours, the expensive living, the high prices, travel as fast and as far as schools and churches. The fast driving, the gold-gambling, the gaudy drinking-houses, the gift-enterprises and showy weddings, the mania for piebald costumes, propagate themselves with telegraphic speed and American universality. If at Leavenworth and Omaha we find the newspapers, the gas-works, the paved side-walks, the stone fronts, the schools and churches of the Eastern cities, we still more surely find in their streets the Broadway saloons, and on their pavements the identical millinery of the metropolis. We find every vice of older civilizations blooming with hot-house luxuriance out of their fresh soil. The latest fashions flourish almost in sight of the desert and the buffalo; snatches of Italian opera or quotations from Emerson may be broken short by the whoop of the wild Indian, or the bark of the prairie wolf; and at the crossings of the ways we meet just as idle, over-dressed, and frivolous young men and women as we may see sauntering in the sun of any bright afternoon, up and down our city avenues.

In an era in which social emulation is the characteristic and unchecked passion, the landmarks of reason and piety are lost



in the deluge of imitation and rivalry. What is good and what is bad spread as by contagion. The common school and the church are borne on the same universal tide which floats into every region the follies and extravagances and fashionable vices of the day. Religion is built up in stone and mortar with prodigious outlay; while its moral and spiritual foundations are undermined by ribaldry and unseemly jesting about all sacred things in the very columns that advertise the Sunday topics of the pulpit. The mania for hospitals, asylums, and reading-rooms spreads like an epidemic, and with it the passion for horrible exhibitions, in which the contortionist risks his life to amuse the fears and thrill the nerves of the spectators; or women exhibit their coarse immodesty to the vulgar gaze, while people of standing will eagerly applaud some lottery scheme, thinly disguised by the sacred name of charity.\* Microscopic science informs us that two opposite currents run in the same slender tubules of the lungs: one setting out and carrying off the carbonic acid; the other setting in, charged with pure oxygen, death and life thus flowing in the same channel. And so it is with the current of social emulation, with this difference, that the tides here mingle, and both run one way.

One great peril of American society is the lack of manly, independent thinking, and individual conscience. Personal aspiration gets lowered to a popular standard. An average and compromised pattern of character is thrust on us by a tyrannical, hasty, and unreasoning public opinion. Things go by tides and rushes and sweeping floods; to colonize Califor-

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\* At the time of the drawing of the Crosby Opera-house lottery, it was said that hardly a town in the Western country was not largely interested in the exciting scheme. One poor-looking man in the cars was heard to speak of having a hundred and seventy chances in it. It was talked of more than the recent snow-storms, or Southern Reconstruction, or the prospects of spring wheat, or the renewal of the Canadian treaty, or even the price of lots in the new streets of a city that hopes and boasts of its ability to make New York a second-rate place in a generation more. The excitement of a passing fever would have been of no great moral account, if it had not illustrated the immense craving for speculation, the terrible gambling propensity, which, in the haste to be rich, has led to so much of moral debauchery and commercial ruin.

nia, to occupy Colorado and Montana; to drive railroads over mountain-chains, whose bases are hot and sandy, and their summits lost in clouds and snows, or across deserts whose borders are in different climates. Already Chicago, by superior energy, has managed to secure no small portion of the trade due west from St. Louis, and naturally belonging to it, which that city is now striving to regain, by driving her Pacific Railroad to the Rocky Mountains, before the northern line shall reach them. If we knew all the legislative lobbying; all the rash heat and haste; all the efforts to procure Federal aid to some of those local enterprises; all the hard feeling, the false and treacherous bargaining, involved in such emulations,—we should see that whatever blessings follow them, as contributions to the opening and settling of the country and the increase of its wealth, they tend to degrade and demoralize the generation that handles them, and to undermine justice, fairness, and open dealing.\* Is there not, East and West, a growing disposition to think *success* the proof of merit, and almost the test of right? If a man has public spirit (as it is called); if he is successful in his schemes, and helps forward the external prosperity of his community,—he may gamble like a German prince, outwit all his contemporaries with his sharp practice, and still stand at the head of society (so called), and even be found taking high ground in regard to the company he keeps, so that none but persons of the very highest social standing can hope to enjoy his acquaintance: and yet hardly a person will be bold enough to smile at the gigantic jest, or to rebuke the fantastic absurdity.

It is often too easily assumed, that no direct rebuke of the popular temper can have any effect; that fashion is mightier

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\* We lately travelled along the line of a canal in Ohio, in which the neighboring farmers had invested, twenty years ago, their little earnings. A railroad company, wishing to avoid its rivalry in freighting, had lately bought up just enough of the stock of the canal to control its direction; and this direction had closed the canal, making the stock absolutely worthless, and robbing all the smaller holders of the whole value of their property in it. Nobody seemed to think it any thing but a "smart" transaction, in which cunning and address had triumphed over the sleepy trustfulness of the poor farmers along the line.

than conscience or the truth; that the world will and must have its way; that the aspiring heart and the consecrated will must retire into privacy and strict seclusion, if they would indulge their morbid, sanctimonious ways. The average life of the times says, "These are not times for such delicate moralities;" and indeed some tender souls have been foolish enough to talk of Protestant nunneries and monasteries as the only hope of modern piety.

But this is a cowardly retreat before a powerful, yet after all a very vulnerable, and by no means unconquerable, enemy. The social emulation of our people — now coarse, now refined; now avowed, now secret — is a spirit not to be exorcised, but to be instructed; not to be done away, but to be purified and restrained. It is to be defecated of its taint by the sturdy criticism of those who still believe in the might of truth, the sanctity of goodness, and the power of prayer and holiness, and in the possibilities of a Christian life. Courage, moral courage, is the great want of American society. It is cowardice among men and women who know better; cowardice in the pulpit and the press, cowardice in society and on the platform, in the home-circle and in the world, that leaves folly, extravagance, and wickedness their unchallenged arena. Would that we had a few moral leaders, — not men aiming at a cheap capital of religious repute by becoming extravagant and professional censors of what they do not understand, but men of conviction, intelligence, and moral standing; who, instead of going apart and disdainfully leaving the great tide of humanity to its own course, saving only their own feet and skirts, would boldly go into the stream, and preserve, by wisdom, justice, and piety, the costly freight it bears! The country has too much education and too much aspiration, not to value, not to heed, not to follow, better counsels than it receives. A great heart of courage is a real power in the world. A few genuine leaders of public sentiment might greatly change the aspect of American society. Our people are as apt for what is good as for what is bad. Their external circumstances, especially in the West, are favorable to large, strong, generous views. This tendency is now abused to encourage latitudinarianism of mor-

als, rudeness of manners, and laxity of opinion. But, after all, the largest and most generous views are really the divinest, noblest, purest. The great region of the West, gigantic in its features, is breeding a physical race, worthy to be the shrine of a nobler spirit and a grander faith. We believe the impurities will settle, the perilous fires slacken, the folly abate, under principles vital and ever active at the heart of our society. But, meanwhile, can a single generation afford to wait the gravitation of events? Are we willing personally to be only tools spoiled in making a civilization which is to be worth something a hundred years hence? Individual character is the immortal end of our existence; and only atheists and infidels are prepared to build up civilization on the ruins of generations whose follies, vices, and sins are counted on to prepare the soil, filling with their refuse the deep quagmires which are thus to become the foundations of future stableness.

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#### ART. VI. — PHASES OF PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

*First Historical Transformations of Christianity.* From the French of Athanase Coquerel, the Younger. By E. P. EVANS, Ph. D., Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in the University of Michigan. One volume. Boston: Wm. V. Spencer. 1867.

AGAIN we have to thank Professor Evans for an excellent translation of a book eminently adapted to the wants of candid and inquiring minds. This time it is a thoroughly religious work that is offered us; the "First Historical Transformations of Christianity," by Athanase Coquerel, the younger, — a man who, like his illustrious father, has distinguished himself not less by his acquirements as a scholar and his eloquence as a preacher than by his fearless declaration of unpopular truths, and his brave endurance of such forms of persecution as the church and the world still tolerate for the punishment of heretics and innovators.

The treatise — contained in one small volume of less than



three hundred pages — traces the various transformations which Christianity has undergone at the hands of its adherents, from the time immediately succeeding the death of Christ to the close of the fourth century. It displays great learning and careful research, and yet avoids all those technicalities and scholastic digressions which render so many church histories incomprehensible and uninteresting to the general reader. The simplest mind can understand and enjoy the plain statements, the reasonable conclusions, of this little book; the keenest intellect must admire the wonderful simplicity of its diction (which is the perfection of art in style), the cogency of its arguments, and the irresistible *naïveté* displayed in the declaration of its most startling positions, which, in many instances, contain, in a single terse sentence, as calmly laid down as though it were an axiom or an undisputed fact, a clear solution of points which have filled volumes with unprofitable discussion, and embittered the minds of hundreds of men who have allowed prejudice to falsify history. With great liberality of thought, our author is reverent toward all that is true in every phase of religious sentiment; and, under his skilful handling, the abnormal developments of Christianity, which we recognize in the form of dogmatic creeds, enfeebling superstitions, and spiritual tyrannies, are presented, not as miraculous institutions, having fixed conditions, which cannot be accommodated to the progress of humanity, but as the natural sequence of events, the unavoidable result of traditionary influences: thereby enabling us to fear them the less, and to escape from their injurious bondage the earlier.

The treatment of the theme is so methodical, that it would be unjust to the author not to follow the same arrangement in our notice of its excellencies. And, while we do this, we shall, in order to avoid continual reference to the text, present a faithful, though brief, summary of the contents of the work in our own words.

No one can deny, that a new and very strong impulse has recently been given to religious inquiry, and to critical investigation of the authority of existing creeds and forms of worship. This activity is met by renewed zeal, on the part of

long-established religions, in defence of their doctrines and practices. Islam, no less than Christianity, seems animated with fresh vigor; and, in Christianity, both Popery and Protestantism are on the alert. The tendency everywhere is towards larger liberty: the conflict is caused by the effort of conservatism to restrain the progress of free thought.

It is undeniable also that every individual has an interest in these great questions, and a right to examine their conditions, and their bearings upon human welfare. With the diffusion of education, they demand more general study: they cannot be ignored. Ecclesiastical prohibitions cannot keep them hidden; carelessness and selfish ease cannot escape their intrusion. Many deprecate the free discussion of opinions on spiritual subjects, imagining that, because old creeds are trembling to their fall, religion itself is in danger of being overthrown. This is because the world has so long been trained to believe that religious knowledge must always be abstract and vague, not subject to the same laws of reason which govern other departments of human thought. But, in our days, men are beginning to venture to study religion in the light of history; and whoever does this with an unprejudiced mind and a fearless heart will be in no danger of losing sight of God, the infinite and absolute, or of that sentiment in man's nature which responds to His eternal and immediate presence.

Religions, like every thing else under the law of material and moral nature, are constantly undergoing modification. When a religion ceases to obey this law of change, it is a proof that it no longer contains any element of improvement for the world, any power over the consciences of men: it is dead. But while a religion retains life, it may be modified in several ways: it may develop in conformity with its nature and thus increase in strength, or contrary to its nature and thus become constantly weaker, or there may be at once elements of decay and of prosperity in its changes, so that the result is neither wholly beneficial nor utterly injurious. Religion is so fruitful in ideas, and admits of such great variety of sentiment, that, of widely different beliefs, each may contain true principles, and be deserving of respect and attention on account of its own

peculiar contribution to the sum of human improvement: therefore, in view of these facts, and for the sake of historical impartiality, it is most correct to characterize the various modifications of the Christian religion as *transformations*, because this word does not imply prejudgment of their results, as the word *deviation* or *development* might seem to do.

The three great transformations of primitive Christianity are Roman Catholicism, the Greek or Russian Church, and Protestantism. But as these transformations cannot be understood without a survey of the work of the Founder of Christianity, and as even this was in some degree dependent on what preceded it, it will be necessary first to glance at the condition of the world before the coming of Christ.

No religion can properly be said to have been created by any individual, or by any body of men, or by any people. The religious sentiment is innate with every human being. There is an aspiration towards the infinite in every soul, and the conviction of its affinity with a superior power becomes stronger and more satisfactory with every new development of its own capacities. If this instinctive feeling be nurtured in a reasonable and healthful manner, it ennobles the whole nature; but, if it be perverted, it corrupts every thing: in any case it is the most powerful expansive force in the moral world, and must continually work either rapid progress or cruel devastation. Religion distorted and vitiated has always been the bane of true liberty; and it is on this account that many earnest men have revolted entirely from all acknowledgment of religious claims, and have declared themselves atheists.

Some religions have grown up, like languages, from the contributions of many souls for a long period of time: others bear the distinct impress of individual thought, the prevailing influence of some gifted man, wise enough to understand the wants of his time and strong enough to satisfy them. But in such a case the work of the Founder never remains precisely as he left it: if he was too far in advance of his age, his followers necessarily retrograde to more comprehensible ideas; if he stood but little above the ordinary level, he is soon surpassed.

When a people has developed gradually and harmoniously, its religion will also unfold from low and coarse outlines to a form of symmetry and beauty. Such a religion was Grecian polytheism,—particularly interesting to us from its direct influence upon the foundation of Christianity; while the religions of India and Scandinavia had no part in either the intellectual or spiritual agitations of that era. The natural development of the polytheism of the Greek is sufficiently and beautifully illustrated by tracing the course of one of their favorite divinities.

Far back in the legendary ages, the shores of Greece were settled by wanderers from the distant East. These brought with them the impulse—which is that of all infant and uncultivated minds—to worship those great powers of nature, so necessary to their existence, and yet so entirely beyond their control. One of these meteorological divinities, who was called *Herakles*, the “Glory of the Air,” as the restorer of fine weather after storm, and therefore conqueror of the evil spirits of the tempest, became, in the modification of Greek thought, the divination of *force* in the human body,—*Hercules*, subduer of wild beasts and monsters; and, at a later day, after this noble race had discovered that moral strength is superior to physical energy, the same Hercules is chosen as the type of human struggles after perfection. Seated at the branching of two roads, he is invited by Wisdom on the one hand, and tempted by Pleasure on the other, and decides heroically for virtue, in spite of all the allurements of vice. This was the highest idea of which polytheism was capable; and no effort of after-times to extend its provisions or deepen its influence by giving a symbolical meaning to mythological characters was able to attain more than a brief and spasmodic success.

But all this while philosophy had been developing its various systems, and had arrived at the same result with polytheistic religion, although by a different method. With reference to the origin of Christianity, it is commonly urged by Christians, that, when Christ came, the world was weary of vain imaginings, and fully realized a spiritual need which nothing but his scheme of redemption could satisfy. This is true; but the inference



generally drawn from the fact is not correct. It was not because the Pagans of Greece and Rome were sunk so low in ignorance and crime that a new salvation was demanded, but because they had reached such a point of intellectual culture and spiritual enlightenment, that the old religion, though modified and expanded to its utmost capacity, no longer possessed any purifying or elevating power. The human race will always be indebted to Greek philosophy for the early discovery of many important truths, and for the correct, though only partial, recognition of the capacities of the soul. Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, Zeno and Epicurus, with many others, gradually and successively approached the secret of moral life and happiness; while a host of illustrious characters exemplified in their own conduct the best thought of their age.

And, to strengthen these ennobling influences, a kind of alliance was formed between the philosophy of the period and the highest form of the popular religion, which resulted in the celebration of the mysteries. These mysteries were a kind of dramatic representation, serving to veil the declaration, on the part of the initiated, of a belief in immortality and the resurrection; doctrines which were considered too subtle and lofty to be appreciated by the common people. Consequently, the masses were in no wise benefited by the secret contemplations and revelations of this select class, which was always a very small minority. Meantime a consciousness of the insufficiency of the existing religious system was universally felt; and the confusion was only increased by the intermingling of Roman superstitions with Grecian polytheism, in the vain hope of finding some cure for the wounds of awakened conscience. The idea of expiation was strengthened by the general despair. Animals of many kinds, and even human beings, were sacrificed, to atone for the crimes and errors of living men, and the common course of events was made gloomy and alarming through the cloud of signs and omens of evil that obscured the pathway of every individual.

Nor was the Jewish religion exempt from the modifying influences of time and experience. It is a common mistake to suppose, that the Jews have always kept their theology as

exclusive and intact as their national prejudices. On the contrary, it kept pace with the growth and culture of the people, beginning with the simple worship of *Elohim* or *powers*, and gradually rising to the lofty conception of one God. The successive names of Hebrews, Israelites, and Jews may serve as well to mark eras in faith as to record the modifications of national existence. Nor was the law of Moses able to resist entirely the progress of thought within the nation, and the pressure of antagonistic opinion from without. The captivity in Assyria weaned a great portion of the people from their reliance on a sacrificial service in the one Temple: their simplified worship became more spiritual; while the influence of surrounding Oriental ideas weakened considerably the materialistic tendency of the Mosaic law. But those who remained in Judea clung with only greater obstinacy to the letter of their code, believing firmly that they were the heaven-appointed rulers of the human race, and that their triumph was soon to be assured to them under the sway of an heir to David's throne,—the Messiah. Pharisee and Sadducee alike hated the colonized Jews for their tendency to assimilate to the opinions and customs of their uncircumcised neighbors, not knowing that these despised Hellenists, together with the small body of Essenes in Palestine, were alone destined to represent the children of Abraham in the new dispensation; while they themselves, for their blindness and hardness of heart, were to be left out.

Thus many causes combined to prepare the world for the new light which was near its dawning. The field was tilled before the sower appeared. The teachings of Christ would never have been listened to or remembered, had not souls been made ready, by a natural process of education, to welcome and respond. Nor was political preparation wanting. Roman unity was everywhere established, affording unusual facilities for intercourse among the various provinces of that vast empire; the prevalence of a common law had already given men a glimmering sense of the tie of human brotherhood; and peace reigned over all nations, making possible the proclamation of a gospel of peace.

It may seem impious to many persons to regard the mission of Christ as having been prepared for and assisted by these historical events; or, in the forcible words of our author, "to admit that Christianity did not fall from heaven like an ærolite;" but, to those who are disposed to judge rationally, this record of the gradual transformations of religious thought will at once throw light upon the past, and awaken hope and confidence for the future.

The whole burden of the message of Jesus Christ to the world was love: the love of God to man, which is shown in His free offer of pardon for sin; and the love due to God from man, which ought to prove itself by a constant endeavor after holiness, and by the tenderest sympathy between all the members of the human race.

This is all: the words and acts of the Founder of Christianity, throughout his whole life, were only exquisite changes rung upon this one perfect melody. This is the key to solve every purely ethical or religious problem. He left no written testimony of himself, no creed, no code, no rule of life, no church organization, no clerical investiture. He instituted only two simple and popular rites: one a sign of moral purification; the other, a memorial of his love. It is evident that a plan of salvation so pure and simple as his was altogether beyond the comprehension of his immediate followers. Accordingly, he had scarcely left the world before those misapprehensions and prejudiced distortions of his teaching, which are so apparent in the records of the evangelists, began to affect the management of the infant Church. The bondage of the law was again pressed upon recently enfranchised souls, by those of the believers who could not forget their early training under the Mosaic code. Fasts, distinction of meats and of sacred days, were soon an important feature of the new faith. The worship of angels, a superstition acquired by the Jews during the Assyrian captivity, also obtained favor. Nor was it long before a hierarchy was established, somewhat resembling the sacerdotal orders of the Mosaic dispensation; while the influence of both Judaism and Paganism conspired to bestow upon the death of Jesus a sacrificial character and

application. Judaical Christianity is well displayed in the writings of James, which, though of use in restraining the vagaries of a barren faith, possessed too little of the fervid spirit of the Master to avail much towards the conversion of a world already given up to a heartless performance of external rites.

But, even at this early day, there was an opposing party in the Church,—the Hellenistic Jews, who, having become Christians, were able to appreciate in a higher degree the freedom of Christianity, and to protest against the gradual return to spiritual slavery. Of this party, Stephen was a prominent member; and is for ever to be held in remembrance, not only as the first Christian martyr, but also as the first Reformer in the Church. After him, Paul continued and developed the doctrine of reconciliation to God through belief in Christ, and dedicated his life to the conversion of the world at large, without distinction of Jew or Gentile. With regard to justification by faith, Paul appears to have entertained two theories, each of which he brings forward at different times as sufficient and all-important. One is the mystical union of the believer with Christ, and through Christ with God. The other is the salvation wrought for man by the life, death, and resurrection of Christ. Jesus, by an act of his will, substitutes his own death for the spiritual death which sinners had incurred; and they, through faith in this substitution, which is accepted and ratified by God, are acknowledged as heirs of the new life of the risen Christ. This theory was taken as the foundation of a subsequent dogmatic system, which substitutes a purely juridical element in place of the mystical union of the believer with Christ,—making the sacrifice of a Divine Person necessary in order to restore the honor of a broken law, and appease the wrath of an offended God. In the latter view, man is the object of a contract between the Father and the Son; in the former, man himself is one of the contracting parties: an essential difference. But, according to Paul, this regenerating faith is not granted to all: only those who are predestined by God can receive it. The doctrine of election, so revolting to modern thought, was yet, at the time of its introduction, a



great advance towards freedom ; as by it Paul protested against the Jewish monopoly of salvation, and asserted the power of God to save whom He would, whether Jew or Gentile.

The theology of Paul was altogether too liberal to be acceptable to the early Church ; while, on the other hand, the Gentile Christians rejected the Judaical teaching of St. James. At this juncture, the timid conservatism and vacillating spirit of Peter effected a compromise ; which for a time quieted dispute, though, like all compromises, it soon failed to satisfy either party. The temporizing policy thus introduced continued to characterize the proceedings of the Church. Compromises were effected with Paganism as well as with Judaism ; and the purity of Christ's doctrine, and the energetic protest of Paul, were alike forgotten. Meantime the religious world, particularly in the East, was agitated by the doctrines of Christianity, as understood and taught by St. John. His theology is more ideal and more free from the trammels of the law than that of the Judaists, more abstract than that of Stephen, more mystic than that of Paul. The writer of the fourth Gospel was evidently imbued with the mode of thought of the Gnostics ; his style is characterized with their peculiar phraseology ; and the frequent use of abstract terms gives to his records a dreamy and mystical tone, very acceptable to the Oriental mind. Christianity, in St. John's view, is eminently a message of love. The believer is saved through the example, the teaching, and the death of Christ ; but, though the blood of Jesus is said to wash away sin, there is nothing in John's writings concerning a Christ punished for us, or satisfying divine justice in our stead.

Respecting the nature of Christ, three distinct theories were early introduced. Some said that the Holy Spirit had descended upon him at his baptism, and had never returned to heaven ; others suggested that he was not the son of Joseph and Mary, but of Mary and the Holy Spirit ; others, again, identified him with the Incarnate Word of the Gnostics. Matthew and Luke credit the story of the miraculous birth ; John and Paul see in Jesus the pre-existent Word ; but Paul, though evidently desirous to exalt the Son as high as possible, always makes him

subordinate to the Father. The Church, finding all three theories in the records of Christ's biographers, accepted them all and combined them, in spite of the declarations of Christ and the teachings of reason.

At the period of Christ's advent, the Jews were colonized in many parts of the Roman empire, especially in Rome itself and the neighboring cities. In thus mingling with the world, this peculiar people was obliged to put away somewhat of its exclusiveness; so that, when Paul began to preach at Rome, the Jews served as a connecting link between himself and the Pagans, and his word soon found access to all classes of Roman society. The Christian Church was soon established in Rome, and multitudes of Pagans professed Christianity. These converts could not divest themselves of the habits and associations of their former lives: consequently, Christianity became more and more corrupt as its temporal power increased, and the modifying influences of Paganism took more definite form. The Roman spirit, essentially juridical, local, and textual, could not fail to cramp the thought of Christianity; while many rites and customs — such as the tapers, lighted lamps, incense, and vases of consecrated water, which are so prominent a feature in the services of the Catholic Church — are purely Pagan, borrowed, almost without alteration, from the polytheistic worship. The same is true of the introduction of images, many of which would serve equally well for both religions: indeed, in some of these groups, the gods of fable were actually mingled with the objects of Christian faith. The monotheistic feeling of the Christianized Jews would not allow them to represent God by any visible form; and thus the custom obtained of placing an image of Jesus wherever in Pagan temples would have stood the image of a god. The idea of the miraculous character of certain images was borrowed from Paganism, as was also the *nimbus*, or aureola, which the sacred personages of the Catholic Church still wear. Next followed the worship of the martyrs and of objects which had belonged to them, in imitation of the devotion of the Pagans to the remains of their heroes. But it was not in outward adornment alone that the change consisted. The services of the Church

came by degrees to partake of the nature of the Pagan mysteries, both in their exclusiveness and in their striving for dramatic effect. Thus Christians were regarded as the initiated, the candidates as catechumens, and the Pagans as the populace forbidden to enter the sacred places. The simple rite of communion was made a secret act, and gradually the idea of sacrifice was attached to its commemoration.

With the conversion of Constantine, Christianity at once became the favored religion of the court and the empire; and the political organization of the empire became the model of that of the Church. Rome as yet had no superiority over the other patriarchal bishoprics; but, on the establishment of the seat of empire at Byzantium, Constantine made of the patriarch of Rome the most important personage of the Eternal City. The prestige of Rome was so great, that the man who was first there would have little difficulty in maintaining his supremacy elsewhere. Besides, the East had four patriarchs, while the West had only one; and, through all divisions of the empire, the Western world continued to be ruled by a single spiritual head. The title of pope (*papa*), meaning "father," often given to bishops, was gradually monopolized by those of Rome. The encroachments of the papacy were necessarily slow, being, for a long time, opposed by the Western churches, while its claims have never been acknowledged in the East.

Meantime the Church became corrupted through its prosperity. Many of the clergy led scandalous lives, and disorders increased, until at last a re-action took place, unfortunately as extremes as the abuses against which it protested. To the religion of the court and the world, was opposed a religion hostile to society, alien to the family,—the religion of monks and nuns. Anchorites and cœnobites soon became numerous. The zeal for celibacy caused new honors to be paid to the mother of Christ, who was held to have always remained a virgin; and, in the fifth century, it was declared, by authority of an ecclesiastical council, that she was the "mother of God," in refutation of the heresy of Nestorius, who had taught the separation of the two natures in Christ, maintaining that Mary was the mother of the Christ-man, but not of the Christ-God.

After this declaration, it was easy to recognize her as a divinity in her own right; especially for the Pagans, who were accustomed to acknowledge the claims of goddesses, and who saw in the numerous pictures of the Virgin and child only a slight variation from the favorite Egyptian representation of Isis and her son Horus. Arianism was a last, illogical, and intellectually feeble, attempt to maintain God above all, even above Christ, — the last effort of monotheistic feeling against the polytheistic tendency of the age.

The division of the Greek and Roman Churches was the necessary result of long conflicting influences. The Eastern Church had always followed the mystical theology of John: the Roman Church adopted the formal, Judaistic theology of Peter, with such zeal, that he was early declared to have been its founder, and to have suffered persecution and death within the Eternal City, although historical evidence all goes to prove that he never even saw Rome; while Paul, whose teaching was rejected by its citizens, preached there for years, and finally died a martyr within its walls. His bold, free thought, though buried under the corruptions of primitive times, came to life and flourished in full vigor at the Reformation; and its purest truth blossoms afresh with every new struggle for liberty of conscience and elevation of human character.

Even this brief survey of the history of the Church, during the first four centuries after the death of Christ, is enough to show that his professed followers had wandered far from his pure standard of feeling and action; and to convey the warning lesson, that in proportion to the degree in which human laws and rites and creeds are allowed to intrude upon the sacred relations of the soul to God, will be the degeneracy of worship and the loss of spiritual communion between man and his Heavenly Father. And as history has proved, that the infinite variety of character and perception among individuals is proof against the restrictions of party or dogma, would it not be wisdom on the part of each existing church to relax its hold upon the material forms of its worship and the defined doctrines of its creed; and place more reliance upon that vital principle of Christianity, which still asserts itself in the midst



of error, and which is destined finally to triumph over all attempts to enthrall its glorious career?

The above condensed sketch may serve to show something of the topics and course of argument in M. Coquerel's remarkable work; but it can give no adequate idea of the harmony, consistency, and earnestness with which the subject is developed. It is to be hoped that this little book will be extensively circulated; for no more attractive and persuasive antidote to superstition and ignorance in religious matters has ever been offered to the public.

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#### ART. VII.—THE INCARNATION.

*Ecce Deus.* Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ, with Controversial Notes on "*Ecce Homo.*" Boston: Roberts Brothers.

WE have not seen the English edition of this interesting book, and, from reading the American reprint, should have concluded that it was really written in this country, by some person in our Unitarian ranks with a Swedenborgian philosophy, and with a studious desire to conceal his ecclesiastical connections. It has too many Americanisms in it to be English in origin. The word "transpire" is commonly used for "occur," a purely American colloquialism. "Collide" is another instance of steamboat English. We think, too, we notice an awkwardness in wearing the English dress, which a native would not have exhibited. Would an Englishman quote Macaulay as "*Baron* Macaulay?" Would he say, "from Britain to Africa"?—meaning from England. But these are mere surmises.

The book—which we do not propose to review, but merely incidentally to use as an introduction to our present theme—is worthy of careful reading. Its origin and purport will be at least as great a puzzle as "*Ecce Homo*" proved. It is not a whit more Orthodox in its general direction; and we see no

reason why it might not have been written by the same author, except that it lacks his ease and polish and simplicity of style. In variety, earnestness, and freedom of thought, it is equally rich and full. There is as much in it to shock popular prejudices. But, happily, its edge is towards errors on both sides. It cuts into what is superficial or worthless in Liberal Christianity and in so-called Orthodox Christianity, and is written out of a deep and genuine and large Christian experience. We hope to do it full justice in our next number.

It is very interesting to see how the mind of the age is returning to that insoluble mystery of Christ's person. Christian unbelief has spoken its last word; criticism has done its worst. There is no unexplored field left in Christian evidences or exegetical studies. Doubt and denial have exhausted themselves, and, for want of materials, will now have to turn from discrediting Christ, to disproving a personal God (a much easier achievement), as the only road of progress. The next thing will be a revival of faith in Christianity; and the thing to be guarded against is, that this revival shall not waste its force and freshness upon what is not vital and precious, — shall not prove a *renaissance* of ecclesiastical frippery and theological extravagance.

The Incarnation, which is the central idea of "Ecce Deus," is, doubtless, the most fruitful and permanent and central idea of Christianity. The proem of John's Gospel is the axis of all future debate among theologians, because it sets forth this Incarnation; and the authenticity and genuineness of John's Gospel is now the question of all questions, because it contains this proem. In our present discussion, however, we must assume what the last and best authorities allow, — that the fourth Gospel is the work of John. The fourth Gospel was not written until about sixty-five years after our Lord's ascension; while the other Gospels are supposed to have been written within eight and fifteen years of that event.

During that period, of course, there had been time for the facts in our Saviour's life and death to become subjects of speculation, theory, and debate; and for opinions to develop themselves in the minds and hearts of his followers, out of

and beyond those which were held by those who more directly and immediately reported his sayings and history.

This will account for the marked, and not otherwise explainable, difference between the fourth and the three synoptical Gospels. It is explained either by the fact, that John gives us the Gospel as meditation and experience; or, living *in* and *from* it had opened its depths to his soul; or that he endeavored to supply what was lacking in the other evangelists, or to correct errors which he had had time to see growing up in the Church.

In the first seventeen chapters, we have almost entirely new matter; and the whole Gospel is manifestly in a more mystic, spiritual, and devotional vein than either of the others.

Jesus, from that definite, human, and thoroughly historical personage which he appears in Matthew, Mark, and Luke, becomes, in John, more vague, enigmatic, and mythical in his position and character. His person is shrouded in a more sacred mystery: his words have a more unearthly quality. It would be rash to conclude, that this was the mere exaggerating effect of distance and time, or that those who first gave our Lord's history understood him better than John. Some persons are never understood by their contemporaries: their words and their conduct require to ripen into full significance and intelligibility in the heat of meditation and the light of experience; and no devout and spiritual mind would be content to think, that the heavenly-mild and holy John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, had a less complete and correct idea of our Master than the other evangelists. Clearness is often due to inapprehension and contraction of vision. The near-sighted have often great strength of eye, with a limited range of view; and the undeveloped in intellect, imagination, and heart, because they see little in the objects they describe, describe them with a more positive and definite outline.

There can be no doubt, that John's idea of Christ was different from — not opposed to, or inconsistent with, but only larger and loftier than — the idea of the other evangelists; nor can an honest and candid mind deny, that the main difficulties in settling Christ's place would be vastly diminished if

we had only to deal with the accounts of him given by Matthew, Mark, and Luke.

This is sufficiently obvious from the inspection of the proem, or first eighteen verses of John's Gospel. Nobody in the world knows *certainly* what John was aiming at in that mystic introduction: whether it was controversial, and designed to correct existing errors of opinion; or whether, without reference to errors, it was declarative of John's own independent notions. The passage is very obscure.

It is well known from the Epistles, that disputes and speculations existed at that early day about Christ; not modern disputes, but others, — as for instance, whether Jesus Christ were a mere appearance, a disembodied, visionary shape, or an *actual being* in flesh and blood (2 John i. 7); and it probably was to combat notions which he thought heretical and dangerous, that John laid down the now vague, but then doubtless very intelligible, doctrine of his proem. We know that, in the philosophical schools of the time, the divine attributes were all personified, — that light and life and wisdom and truth and love were each and all spoken off as *æons*, or distinct entities, capable of separating themselves from the original spirit of the universe; and it would seem as if Jesus had been represented by some as being possessed by one or other of these divine attributes, inferior to the highest, and so somehow brought down in his dignity. John appears to adopt the general idea of these attributes, but represents one of them, the Logos or word or wisdom, as the chief of them, and as having light and life under its control; and this attribute, by which he represents the world as having been made, and which he also sets forth as having always been in the world and recognized by a few whom it at once adopted as *sons of God*, he now declares was the animating soul of Jesus. This *word*, which was with God, and was so made his wisdom and light and life that it *was* God, he now says was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth.

The real pith and marrow of this passage is very obvious, even amid the obscurity which involves its details, and even its intention. John distinctly teaches the identity of the spirit



of God in the creation, in the past government of the world, and in the new revelation. It is the same Being, and the whole of the same Being, which first made the world, which has always been in the world, though neglected and unknown *by his own children*, and which is now manifested in Jesus Christ.

Jesus, he would have his hearers learn, is not new in the sense of being disconnected with the oldest purpose and manifestation of God. He is not different from God, in having any plan and purpose less than the original one by which the worlds were made. He is not here to represent himself; but *he is God* manifest in the flesh, as God has hitherto been manifest in the things he has made, and was originally manifested in speaking the universe into being. That no arithmetical or metaphysical definition of Christ or of God, or of Christ as God, in the literal sense of that phrase, is here thought of by John, is sufficiently obvious from all his other writings. If he had designed to make that statement, so astonishing, and so important if true, how easy had he found explicit and unmistakable terms to do it in! If he had said, "Jesus Christ, who looked like a man, was in truth very God himself, the Maker of heaven and earth,—who took a human body and a human soul, and came down into the world, and allowed himself to be crucified, though he was all the time the Almighty Creator," there would be no further difference of opinion in regard to John's doctrine. But when he simply says that, as the universe reveals God, and as the soul in man reveals God, so at length he was *more fully* revealed in Jesus Christ,—we can only understand him to mean, not that God imparts his *personality* to him, or in any literal sense occupies him, but that he manifests himself to the world in the completest manner in which he has done it, or can do it, in Christ.

The incarnation of God in Christ has, more than any other doctrine, been conceded by theologians to be the central article of Christian faith.

In ecclesiastical history, the theology of Christendom has turned upon two separate axes,—the Catholic theology on the incarnation, the Protestant theology on the sacrificial death

of Christ. This last, while the most modern, is by no means so general or universal as the first ; and there is evidence that Protestantism itself is fast returning to the correcter theology of the Catholic Church in regard to the fundamental doctrine of the gospel.

Now, the ideas raised by this phrase (the incarnation), in most Unitarian minds, are painful ; because they at once seem to involve an erroneous doctrine of the *Supreme Deity of Christ*. But the actual New-Testament, or Johannean, doctrine of the incarnation, as the central and cardinal peculiarity of the gospel, contains no such idea, as we shall endeavor to show.

The grand object of all religion is to reveal a proper knowledge of God, and establish a true filial relation between man and his Maker. God knows this infinitely better than we do ; and, since the world was made or man existed, has been revealing himself as fast and as far as man could bear it. We may rashly suppose that there are *no difficulties* about the matter ; but all history shows us that vast and most obstinate difficulties beset it. If God originally revealed himself to the first man, he revealed himself only as his Creator and his Ruler ; and so imperfectly, that Adam either thought he was a being to be deceived, that might be safely disobeyed, or that some other knowledge (of the tree of good and evil) was more important and interesting. The Bible account of the insuccess that attended the original attempt to communicate to man the knowledge of God, and of the necessity of sweeping the godless world into ruin by the Deluge, is an expression of the difficulty, not of awakening credulity, superstition, imaginations of spiritual beings, and erroneous conceptions of demons, in the human mind, but of planting the seeds of a true religion in the world. It could be done only most gradually ; only in strict reference to the nature of humanity ; only in accordance with the order in which the passions and powers of man develop themselves. God can reveal himself to man, only as man, in the feeling and use of his own nature, sympathetically understands his Maker, by understanding the attributes which he himself possesses, and which reflect and interpret Him in

whose image he is made. Man understands God only as far as he understands himself. What he does not know or feel intellectually, morally, or spiritually, in his own personality, he will not be able to ascribe in its infinity to God. While he seeks and loves and fears power only, God will be infinite power; intelligence only, God will be infinite intelligence; justice and truth, God will be all these raised to their highest power; goodness, mercy, gentleness, holiness, — then these exalted to the utmost stretch of feeling and thought. And this is no hypothesis, but describes the history of God's revelations of himself. We may consider them as three, matching the three great historic periods, and the threefold nature of man in the order of its natural unfolding. Among these we do not reckon that original revelation of God, made in man's very nature, — the condition, as it is the constant criterion and criticism, of all the others, — a revelation which is alike old and new, uniting all the other revelations together, and perhaps really being that *word*, or supreme reason, which is the common basis of the divine Spirit and the human soul.

The three great revelations of God are, *first*, the Patriarchal, or ante-Mosaic; *second*, the Prophetic; and, *third*, the Apostolic, — calling them after the names of the orders of persons through whom they were made: and these three revelations, as we shall see on examination, accommodated themselves in their order to the capacities and developments of the human creature.

Contrary to the superficial view, man is, first, a creature of imagination, crude, but vast and vigorous; next, a creature of conscience; last, a creature of affections. For this reason, poetry is older than prose, justice older than mercy, law older than gospel.

I. The first revelation was, accordingly, a revelation which addressed the imagination, and was designed to make known to man as much of God as could be received through that faculty. We call it the Patriarchal revelation. It proclaimed God a person and a unit, but was principally engaged in establishing his superiority to all other gods, his awful and absolute authority. It did not concern itself much with his

justice and goodness, or indeed with his character at all. That was not the thing the world needed most. It needed to bow itself before an awful Will, — a Being so great, that his very greatness made Right. What He did was right because He did it. In an age of absolutism, of necessary concession to the strongest, — an age of ignorance, both of laws of nature and laws of mind, when even the on-goings of the external world were attributed to deific caprice, — we need not wonder that Jehovah was revealed as only the most absolute, the most jealous, the most arbitrary, of beings. This was the form most likely to win reverence, and indeed the only form in which the urgent wants of the human soul could be met. The God of Abraham, the God of the patriarchs, is therefore a God of mystery. He speaks in dark enigmas. He draws into himself the shuddering fears and hopes of a superstitious age. He meets the needs of wonder and awe and mystery. He works out his pleasure through solemn riddles. He is thus more attractive to the Oriental mind, by degrees, than their own false gods, because even more absolute, fatal, and invisible. He will have no name, but be known only as the "I am;" the self-existent, only, and self-sufficient monarch of the universe.

Let us remember, that, in those early days, questions of conscience were very little agitated, and matters of affection were by no means raised to the importance which the refinements of Christian life have given them. The imagination, the fears, the vague longings and dreads, of our nature, made that part of humanity alike its strongest and its weakest side. There only would it listen or could it learn. There only was it harassed and distressed; and we can well imagine the vast superiority which at once clothed the patriarchs, when their imaginations no longer wandered vaguely and fearfully from Baal to Belial, from Astaroth to the sun-god, but settled into a fixed awe and subjection to Jehovah the Almighty.

II. Next came the Prophetic revelation, including the Mosaic dispensation and its great prophets. The sense of right and wrong had now sufficiently awakened, under the political and social discipline of ages, to make it possible to address man as characteristically a moral being, an account-



able creature. And to this end it became necessary that God should reveal himself, not merely as infinite power and absolute authority, but as the eternal Arbiter of right and wrong, as justice and truth, as law and retribution. This is the burden of the Mosaic revelation. Men by that time had begun to notice, that there was a method and a rule in the external universe; that nature herself was not caprice and chance, but law and order: and thus they were prepared to know, that there was not merely an arbitrary and absolute Ruler in heaven, but a Being who ruled by a plan, a moral order, and who himself loved and maintained justice and truth, hated and punished injustice and falsehood.

The emphasis which the Mosaic law laid upon positive duty has been of inconceivable importance in the development of humanity. The *holiness of God*, the great lesson of that dispensation, carried the Jewish people at once far beyond all contemporary nations, and made them the necessary medium of true civilization to the whole future. The *patriarchs* had learned God's being and power: the *prophets* learned his righteousness. How difficult a lesson to learn it was, how slow and severe the discipline of those it came to, we shall understand if we remember the steady evasions to which the essential and intrinsic significance of the law was subjected; how ritualism was honored as the substitute and shadow of righteousness, and external legality put for internal obedience. But, through all forms and rites, conscience was struggling into activity, and God was revealing his real holiness. The stiff-necked and crooked generation was continually suffering, and understood that it was suffering, the consequences of its moral perversity; and the tendency of the Mosaic law to establish absolute and not arbitrary rules of duty, a real and not a ritual consciousness of guilt, a true dutifulness and not a mere legal purity, is evinced in the sacred literature of that people, which is one long burst of eloquent, solemn, and august protest against misinterpretation and perversion of their own law.

No one can understand the dignified object of the Mosaic dispensation, without including in it the writings of the prophets. And it is only fair to the Jewish religion to acknowledge, that

it naturally flowered into the devout and tender strains of David, and the spiritual and searching exhortations, reproofs, and aspirations of Isaiah and Ezekiel.

The spirituality of God, his essential moral perfection and excellency, his goodness and general Fatherhood, were worked out by the prophets in a most extraordinary and perfect manner. *The non-essential* character of forms and ceremonies, too, was never more plainly taught than by all the prophets. Trust in God's wisdom, goodness, and justice, his mercy and truth, is commended with an earnestness and strength of faith which to-day we continue to draw upon in our neediest hours.

God is revealed in the Jewish prophetic books plainly, and he never can be revealed more eloquently or impressively, as the God of truth, justice, goodness, mercy, — as a spiritual Being, impartial without arbitrariness, cruelty, or indifference : and there the revelation stops.

III. But why should it not stop there? what remains to be known? what does the human soul need more than to know, — 1. That God *is*, and that he is infinite in power and might and wisdom, — all powerful to protect his people? 2. That he is just, holy, good, and wise; loves the good, hates the bad only; and desires only to see truth, justice, and mercy prevail among his children? Cannot the human soul rest in a faith like this — a pure and high and holy and devout theism? Certainly it can rest there for a while. It did rest there for ages, and it were folly and wickedness to deny that some of the noblest, the most unselfish and sublime of all God's children had that faith only, and gloried in it; and, to as many as received that faith, gave he power to become the sons of God. To as many as receive it now, it gives a like power; and we have no sympathy whatever with the odious associations which vulgarize and take away the proper sanctity that belongs to a pure theism. Moses was a theist, David and Isaiah were theists; and those who make no distinction between theists and atheists ought to make none between light and darkness, right and wrong, since one are believers in *one* God, and the others are believers in none.

It is due, however, to a proper and candid explanation of this term to say, that theism has acquired its evil repute, not for what it believes, but for what it *denies*; that, denying Christianity, it naturally falls under the reproach of believers in Christianity, but not for believing in God. It is important to dwell a moment on this point, because theism has very much changed its character in our day, from a negative to a positive thing, from denying Christ to affirming God; and, as we are likely to have an extensive school of earnest theists, made up of scientific and rationalistic parties, men devoutly affirming and worshipping the only God, but denying the importance, or the miraculous claims, or the actual addition, of Christianity, it is well we should know that they are entitled to the respect which belongs to the devout Jews, and that it does not follow that they are irreligious or unworshipful, however unfortunate and unwise we may think them to be.

But, we ask again, what was there to be added to the revelation of God, as good, holy, just, merciful; a Father who pitieth his children? Nothing, if man be only a creature of imagination and conscience; but *much*, very much, if he be also a creature, still more characteristically, of the affections. That man is not, in the order of his unfolding, either firstly or secondly, a creature in whom the affections predominate, is very obvious from the history of opinions in this world. The first we hear of our race is always as tribes or communities, not as individual man and woman. The passions are rife enough, but the affections shallow and diffused. The individual is merged in the community. Then God communicates, if at all, with the high-priest *for* the people. His relation is with the social and communized man, not with the private person: he is too insignificant to be singled out, nor does he single himself out for attention. Therefore offences are visited not scrupulously on the offender, but on any of his people. As in our Indian tribes, if a man is killed, vengeance lies not against the murderer merely, but any one of his tribe. This it is that makes death such a trifle among rude peoples: they learn to defy or scorn it, because it is always before them; and they make light

of life from a sense of its uncertainty, and of their own private insignificance.

The sublime disinterestedness of a state of society in which the individual holds himself as living only as his race lives, and not dying so long as they survive, and which calmly resigns the hope of individual immortality to the hope of a noble future for its people, admirable as an illustration of moral elevation, is, nevertheless, both the result and the perpetuation of imperfectly developed personal affections.

It is impossible to conceive of a tender domestic life, of a general ardor and activity of the affections, in a state of society in which the instincts of immortality are suppressed, or smoulder in an ashen vagueness. Man dare not cast his all upon affections which perish at the grave; nor can he attribute to a being insignificant as the limits of this earthly existence make him, a claim on any deep and self-sacrificing affections. We know very well that human nature has vindicated all its qualities in exceptional cases, in all ages and under all circumstances, and do not doubt that holy faith, and spiritual insight and elevation, and family affections, have existed in sporadic cases since the world was made, and under the most disadvantageous conditions. But we are now speaking of the general rule, and of the characteristics of successive eras and ideas; and we say that the absence among the Jews, and in the prophetic writings, of any *distinct faith in the immortality of the soul*, or of the perpetuation of the individual beyond the grave, is a sufficient proof of the undeveloped and torpid state of the affections, and of the domestic order, as compared with the other and earlier parts of human experience. If we are told, that, although this does not clearly appear in their sacred writings, it may have been a part of their interior confidence, we reply that the affections cannot conceal their faith, or fail to give a bold prominence to it when they hold it; and that caution or doubt in the expression of a faith in immortality is equivalent to indifference, and shades, by easy degrees, into unbelief.

After the prophetic books were closed, we know that



throughout the world, particularly in Greece and India, notions of immortality were beginning to awake and to become important, and to have disciples among the Jews themselves. But the immortality, whether of the Indian philosophy or of Plato himself, was rather an immortality of the spiritual principle than of its *individual possessor*, — the immortality of the rain-drop that falls into an ever-living ocean.

Do we ask, then, what the new revelation was to unfold? We answer, the importance, the dignity, the glory, of the individual. And how was this to be done? By revealing something beyond the goodness, the mercy, the general fatherhood of God, — namely, his personal interest in, and discriminating feeling towards, the individual members of his human family; by revealing God, in short, as human, in the play of his interest and affection, his sympathy and tenderness, toward men. Until men could learn to think themselves of individual importance in God's sight, they could neither believe in their own immortality, nor love as immortals, nor treat otherwise than with stoical repression their own latent tenderness of feeling. Polygamy, desertion, the prostration and enslaving of women, the selling of children into bondage, concubinage, and every form of contempt for the affections, belonged to the era when the *individual* was nothing, the race and tribe every thing, — when power and right, authority and justice, absolute and impersonal, ruled the world.

But the new revelation began a fresh era. We cannot describe it better than as the era of the affections; and it began that era, and accomplished that revelation, by the incarnation. That is to say, God came into the world as a man, came near to us, and confessed and disclosed his personal and human affections towards us, in Christ Jesus. Not that in any Trinitarian or popular sense Jesus Christ was God, any more than the plenipotentiary is the king, or the messenger his own sender; but he so truly represented God's love and tenderness, as feeling human weakness and want, and individual griefs and sorrows, and as taking his children one by one to his bosom, that we are henceforth justified in ascribing to God every

affection and tenderness and consideration for our private griefs and the wants of our affections, which we behold in Jesus Christ, who was Immanuel or God with us, God manifest in the flesh.

The directness, the immediateness, the condescension, the domesticity of God's love; his willingness to be the personal friend of each and every one of his children; his sympathy with private and personal griefs and sorrows and struggles, — *this* is the revelation made in the incarnation: "the word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," and we beheld his glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. It has been easy enough for the world in all ages to deify men and exalt human qualities into divine, but only Christ has humanized God, and brought divine attributes into human limitations and conditions.

The wonderful condescension of the almighty God — permitting us and entreating us to see him in a human creature, to know him in knowing a human creature, to interpret him by the conduct, affections, and sacrifices of a human creature — ought to excite all our gratitude and all our wonder. Nothing short of this could ever have drawn human affections out of the supine indifference in which they lay dormant. In no climate less heavenly mild than that which Jesus Christ, the sun of righteousness, has made, — the climate of warm, all-embracing, and all-penetrating love from God, — could the delicate sensibilities, the family affections, the personal aspirations, of humanity have dared to shoot and bud and blossom until they made that garden bower of homes and hearts which we call modern civilization. This is Christendom, the age and sway of personal affections, the era of the individual, when man dares to look at his personal stake in the universe; dares to believe himself known to God and dear to him; dares to look death in the face, and succeeds in looking its stony eyes out of countenance; dares to love the fragile and the death-struck, because they are still strong in God's care, and undying in their essence; dares to grow old and recognize his own decay, because so only can he renew his youth; dares to see his own

imperfections and sins just as they are, because God loves him in spite of them, and because he is to have an endless opportunity of struggling with them and putting them away, and has an all-sufficient ally in his Saviour or his Father.

There is no end to the beauty and significance of the faith that God is seen in the face of Jesus Christ; no bound to the meaning and glory of the incarnation. It has changed general principles into personal affections, it has made religion from a public concern a private interest; it has brought the temple into the home and into the heart.

We know very well that this is bringing God too nigh to suit the views or the tastes of some: they do not want religion to be personal, individual, and, so to speak, human. They object to shutting up the soul to the study and contemplation of God in Christ; the limits shock or disturb them; they are willing to have Jesus Christ one among other holy teachers of divine truth, but not "the way, the truth, and the life." They have perhaps never sympathized with Philip's earnest request, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us," much less with Christ's answer, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father, and how sayest thou then, 'Show us the Father.'"

There is another side to the personality of the gospel: while it brings our Father nigh, it brings our God equally near; while it supports and cherishes and consoles our afflictions, it probes our consciences; while it bends low to whisper its encouragements into our ear, it looks, with the eye that Peter could not meet, into the sinner's own heart, and summons him to an immediate, an urgent, and a personal repentance.

Receiving religion through a person makes it a personal matter; and it thus gets a hold on the conscience and will, as on the heart, which arouses the resistance or alarms the self-love, the pride, and waywardness of many. But, as a matter of observation, all the practical power, whether to console or to convince of sin and save, which resides in the gospel, resides in it by virtue of the incarnation of God in Christ coming

into direct personal relation with individual souls, and so, by a positive, circumstantial, and unescapable influence, shutting them up to a direct intercourse with the great Physician, who is also the great Consoler and Comforter of souls.

This is what our Orthodox brethren of every name mean, when they talk of the necessity of coming to Christ. They have, it is true, a great many theories about the efficacy of Christ's blood, and the virtue of the Atonement, and the power of the cross; but these are matters of theory and speculation and rhetoric. We do not think it necessary here to oppose or to explain them. But all that they mean is realized by every soul which, in any way and on any theory, comes into personal relations with Christ, as the Father's image and the Father's love brought nigh, and so made positive and influential and tender and predominating. If we do not want our religious and personal affections to be chilled to death; if we really desire that personal relation with God which shall make his service a positive and constant reality; if we wish Christianity to come to us,—not as the message of the sovereign or president comes to every citizen of the state, but as a warm and tender communication, a letter from home, addressed to our private souls,—then let us study God's will in Christ's face and in Christ's life and death; meditate upon and make ourselves masters of the purpose of our Lord's mission on earth. Consider what has been always, and what now continues to be, the secret of his power. Then we shall no longer worship a vague, or a merely just and holy God; but we shall find a heavenly Father, and find him quickening and cleansing our conscience, sanctifying our heart, consoling our griefs, confirming our faith, and renewing our souls, through the tender and all-sufficient hands of a personal, a devoted, a dying, a risen, and an ever-living Saviour.



## ART. VIII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

## THEOLOGY.

It has been a joyous sight to see Italy born again into the family of nations, and renewing her youth and strength; and every new sign of awakening life is a fresh pleasure. We have here a book \* which helps to increase our hope, that Italy will soon have a theology more suited to her needs than the mass of superstitions which has been her inheritance. Our author is a pioneer in the cause of liberal theology there, and has had, it seems, not only to write his book, but to pay for its publication.

He has done his work in a thorough and scholarly way. He shows himself acquainted with German, English, and French authorities. He is very successful in his treatment of the two great objections to the unity of the Book of Ecclesiastes, — that is, the presence in it of so many disjointed sentences and maxims; and, secondly, the apparently contradictory statements in it in regard to a future life and judgment, and on some other matters.

On the first point, our author, acknowledging his indebtedness to Ewald and Knobel for two suggestions at the basis of his view, considers the author of Ecclesiastes to have been an unskilful writer, who sometimes let his fancy wander outside the logical line of his argument, and afterwards did not correct and prune his work, as a more critical writer would have done. He points out, besides, that these disconnected sentences are mostly maxims of practical advice, — a common mode of teaching in the East, — in which the accidental association of ideas in the mind of the writer would have freer play, and the connection of thought be less regarded, than in a theoretical treatise, such as the greater part of the book is.

Our author harmonizes the apparent contradictions in the book with its unity, by regarding the author of it as a "probabilist," as he puts it, or a sceptic, — not absolute and thorough-going, but one who

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\* Il Libro del Cohelet, Volgarmente Detto Ecclesiaste, Tradotto dal Testo Ebraico, con Introduzione Critica e Note. Di DAVID CASTELLI. Pisa: Tipographia Nistri, 1866. A spese dell' Autore. pp. 305.

"denies nothing, but acknowledges every thing, yet recognizes nothing as true, but accepts every thing as probable," — one who, "considering things in their multiform aspects, reaches contrary conclusions, according to the different ways in which he examines questions;" "yet forced by necessity to follow some line of conduct in practical life, after passing in review the different opinions which wrestle together in his mind, rests finally in that conclusion which seems to him the least improbable." Yet these considerations are not enough, our author thinks, to reconcile the doctrine of the last six verses of the book (xii. 9-14) to that of the rest of it; but we have not space enough here to give his rather complex view of this subject.

We hope that the Italian exegesis which is to come will show as much care and thought and acuteness, and be as clear in expression, as this book is. If so, it will help, not only Italy, but the rest of the world besides.

F. T. W.

AFTER what late events have taught us, we should hardly have gone to Palermo in search of a liberal or a rationalist; but it seems, from the book before us,\* that the spirit of free inquiry has penetrated even there. Our author belongs to a class of rationalists which we might expect to find in so backward a place. He is of the Voltaire and Tom-Paine school of Deists. To one used to a more modern mode of thought, there is something almost startling in this apparition from the past. It may be, however, that things are in such a bad state in Palermo, and in some other parts of Italy, as to give to Deism a strong excuse for being, and to call for the assertion of the great truth which this Deism contains, that the reason has its rights, which must not be trampled upon. And, so far as this book is an assertion of the rights of reason, it has our hearty sympathy. But our author, not content with this, strikes, in a rather vague but very bloodthirsty way, at all of us poor Christians, and attacks Christianity with a fierceness which seems more dictated by prejudice and ignorance than by that Reason of which he is so warm a worshipper.

Perhaps the strangest part of the book is found in the last chapter, where we are surprised, after the strong and indiscriminate abuse of dogmas in the chapters before, to read that "the programme of the rationalists" should be set out clearly in formulas, and spread abroad. Our author's attempt at a "programme" of this sort seems

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\* *Il Razionalismo* ed il Signor Guizot. Per il CAV. B. GALLETTI. Palermo: Tipografia di Gaetano Priulla, 1866. pp. vii., 105.

more fitted to excite surprise — if not to cause a smile — than to touch the heart or to convince the intellect; and we think a wide change of base will be needed to make this one-sided philosophy into a religion.

Judged on its scientific merits, the book has very little value. Its tone is noisy, flippant, and conceited. It is chiefly of interest to us, as illustrating one phase of contemporary Italian thought, and from its bearings on the religious and political changes which are maturing so fast in Italy. And, despite all the faults of this book, — and they are many, — we hail it as a sign of the great reform which is coming. It will help to swell the flood of indignation which will, ere long, sweep the Eternal City clean of its tyrannical and imbecile government, and which will do away with the sad and sorry comedy which has so long been played there.

F. T. W.

HEINRICH BRUGSCH is well known as one of the ablest living Egyptian scholars. The little book undernoted \* consists of the lectures which he delivered in Berlin at various times during the nine or ten years preceding his departure, as Prussian consul, to Egypt. The titles of the chapters are: A Day and Night in Cairo; The Nile Boat; A Journey over the Desert; An ancient Egyptian story, — the oldest in the world; Moses and the Monuments; The Revelations of the Stones; Germans and Persians, — all fresh and lively and clear, a happy instance of a German scholar being entertaining without ceasing to be learned.

The lecture upon "Moses and the Monuments" touches upon the relation of ancient Hebrew history to that of contemporary nations, which is one of the most interesting topics of modern investigation. The subject is still involved in much obscurity; but there are, nevertheless, certain points which may now be considered clear; and some of the results of recent discoveries in respect to the central figure, the commanding name with which the strictly historical records of the Hebrews open, are quite curious.

There is a difference among scholars of fifty or sixty years as to the date of the Exodus: but that the period intervening between the entrance and the exit of the children of Israel in Egypt comprises one of the most glittering epochs in the history of the kingdom of

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\* Aus dem Orient. Von HEINRICH BRUGSCH. Zwei Theile in einem Bande. Berlin, 1864. Verlag von Werner Grosse.

the Pharaohs, is established beyond question by monumental evidence ; and that this period corresponds with the first half of the fourteenth century before Christ, is also well settled. Two thousand years had elapsed since the empire of the Egyptians, beginning in Memphis, and gradually extending its pyramids and its temples southwards to Thebes, had attained a great degree of splendor and power, when suddenly, as the traditions relate, a Semitic horde, hard pressed by the Assyrians, broke into Egypt across the Isthmus of Suez, and, having become well organized under able leaders, occupied the Delta, defeated the Egyptian armies, and, choosing their own kings, established their residence and camp in the city of Tanis, or, as it was called in Egyptian, Hanar (Avaris). By degrees they extended their domination to Memphis, and made the Egyptian kings in Southern Egypt tributary. The foreign domination lasted five hundred years ; and the Egyptians found what satisfaction they could in designating them, in the inscriptions with which they still went on covering the walls of their temples and tombs, by the word *Amu*, which means "ox-herds," or with the epithet *Aadu*, which means "the despised."

But, as in many similar cases of contact between an inferior and a superior civilization, the latter triumphed at last : the nomadic hordes of the Semites yielded to the culture and the arts of the Egyptians. One of the Semitic kings erected a temple in Tanis to Sutech, the Egyptian conception of the Semitic Baal ; and they came at last to use in their tombs the Egyptian mode of writing. But the warlike spirit of the Pharaohs still survived, and enabled the latter in the end to overcome their conquerors. Tanis was besieged and taken, and Egypt was again free. And from that time begins the brilliant period in its history, which covers the nineteenth and eighteenth and seventeenth centuries before our era. The Egyptian armies pressed into Palestine, and over the highway, by Gaza and Megiddo, to the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris ; an annual tribute was laid upon Babylon and Nineveh ; and the Egyptian conquerors erected their pillars of victory upon the borders of Armenia, where, as the hieroglyphic inscriptions read, "the heavens rest upon four columns."

Thus, as Bunsen says, Africa took its revenge on Asia. Thousands of captives were brought back to labor on the Egyptian temples in Memphis and Thebes, on the walls of which they still stand delineated as bringing water and moistening clay, and making bricks and spreading them to dry in the sun, while Egyptian taskmasters stand over them, stick in hand.



A new dynasty, the nineteenth, followed presently the one that had thus shaken off the Hyksos, as the foreign Semitic kings are commonly termed; and at its head stood Ramses I., its founder, about the middle of the sixteenth century before Christ. About 1400 B.C., his grandson, Ramses II., began his reign, which lasted for sixty-six years; and it is then that the first monumental synchronism occurs with the records of the Hebrews in the Bible. On the eastern side of the Delta, Ramses constructed a series of bulwarks, from Pelusium to Heliopolis, against the inroads of Asiatic hordes, — bulwarks which served also to overawe the Semitic population of his kingdom. And among these fortified places were two, named Ramses and Pachtum: "And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses" (Exod. i. 11); the word for Pharaoh, which the Hebrews applied to the king, being merely a title signifying "the great house," as we say of the Sultan, "the Sublime Porte" (Gate). It was under this Pharaoh, Ramses II., that Moses was born and brought up, in the first half of the fourteenth century before Christ.

In one of the papyrus rolls preserved in the British Museum, the Egyptian scribe, Pinebsa, reports to his chief, Amenemaput, the condition in which he has found the city Ramses: "It is incomparable," he says, "and life there is sweet; the streets are filled with men, the ponds and canals with fish, and the fields with birds; fragrant flowers bloom on the meadows, and the fruits taste like honey; and the granaries are bursting with corn." And then he records the preparations which had been made for the reception of the king at his entry into the city; and adds that there was a dense multitude of people to greet him, but more especially to address to him, "great in victory," their prayers and complaints. On the back of this withered papyrus, moreover, there is a memorandum of the structures erected in the city, so that there has thus descended to us a contemporary account, indeed, of the cities described in Exodus as built by the Israelites for their taskmasters in Egypt.

We should naturally expect to find the children of Israel designated on the monuments by the term applied to them by foreign nations; and in point of fact this has been discovered to be the case, the foreign appellation of the Hebrews being found in their Egyptian designation, — *Apuru*. In a papyrus roll preserved in Leyden is found the following writing from the scribe Kanitsir to his chief, the scribe Bakenpthah: —

"May my master find content therein that I have accomplished the task which he assigned to me in the words, to wit, Give food to the soldiers, and also to the Hebrews who transport the stones to the great city of the King Ramses — Miamun, Lover of Truth, [and who] are under command of the Police — soldiers, Ameneman. I supplied them with food each month, according to the excellent command which my master hath given unto me."

And again, on the rocks in the valley of Hamamât, along which went the old Egyptian highway from Coptos, on the Nile, to the port of Berenice, on the Red Sea, is an inscription in which is included, among other things, an enumeration of the number of men employed in constructing the road; and among them is a troop of eight hundred Hebrews, under the escort of Egyptian soldiers of the police, of Libyan descent, called *mazai*.

Two things, therefore, may be considered established: first, that the Egyptian records named Ramses as the builder of the cities Pithom and Ramus; and, secondly, that the same records speak of the Hebrews in a way to indicate that their position in respect to the building of these cities was that of forced laborers under police superintendence. Now in the Bible the builder of Pithom and Raamses appears at once as a tyrannical oppressor of the children of Israel, and as a new king in Egypt who "knew not Joseph," — a fact which shows that Joseph never came to the court of an Egyptian Pharaoh, but to one of those Semitic conquerors in the Delta, who, as we have seen, lived at Avaris (Tanis), and thence governed the country as far as Memphis and Heliopolis. After the liberation of their country, therefore, from these usurpers, the Pharaohs of Egyptian race had no feeling for the kindred of the former, and for three hundred years exercised an oppressive sway over them, which reached its culmination under Ramses II. and his successor. The birth of Moses falls under Ramses II.; and under his successor, whom the monuments call Menephtes, occurred the Exodus, when Moses was eighty years of age. If, therefore, Menephtes reigned twenty years, as the Egyptian lists of kings state, Moses must have been born about the sixth year of Ramses, which corresponds with the statement of the Biblical records, that the building of Pithom and Raamses occurred in the first year of Ramses.

Now, the building of these cities had a strong political motive at the bottom of it; for they were designed to serve, not merely as a defence against invasion from Canaan, but as centres for the troops employed to keep down their own Semitic subjects. For, on one of the

walls at Thebes, a treaty has been found, made between Ramses II., in the twenty-first year of his reign, and Chetasar, the king of the Hittites, which contains, among other things, the following clause: "If the subjects of King Ramses come over to the king of the Hittites, the king of the Hittites is not to receive them, but to compel them to return to the king of Egypt."

But it was not merely by military measures that the Pharaohs endeavored to control the restless spirit of their Semitic subjects: they had recourse to other less cruel and more insidious devices. According to the ancient belief, the gods of various countries were in fact the same, though designated by different names. Ramses took advantage of this notion, and offered sacrifices to the god of the strangers, to Baal (Sutech), and erected temples to him in the old Semitic city of Tanis (the Zoan of the Bible), remains of which have been discovered in modern times; for it was in Tanis that the cult of Baal had survived from the days of the Semitic protectors of Joseph. The colossal sitting statue of Ramses, in Berlin, is the one which he had made for this very temple, and must therefore have been seen by Moses; for the Bible mentions Zoan (Tanis) as the place where, at the command of the Lord, Moses worked his wonders before Pharaoh (Ps. lxxviii. 12, 43).

And still more did Menephtes, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, resort to these arts of conciliation. Too weak to dominate as his ancestor had done, he contented himself with inscribing on his banner the words, "the adorer of Sutech, Baal of Tanis;" and he even went so far, in his attempt to soothe the turbulent Semitic population of his kingdom, as to represent the god Baal on the back of one of his own colossi, together with his own son as the priest of Baal.

Touching the Egyptian origin of the name of Moses, Brugsch says there can now be but one opinion. The monuments make mention of several persons who bore the name Mas, or Massu, a word signifying "the child;" among others, one of the governors of Æthiopia, under the Pharaoh of Exodus, with whom, indeed, Josephus seems to have confounded Moses the lawgiver, when he speaks of the latter as having led an Egyptian army to Æthiopia in his youth, and having penetrated to Meroe and married the Egyptian princess, Tharbis, who, out of the love she had conceived for him, traitorously opened the gates of the city to him.

It has often been remarked, that the whole legislation of Moses shows traces of his Egyptian origin; and Brugsch mentions a fact in

relation to it which is certainly very curious. The religious monuments of the Egyptians, whether stone or papyrus, bear testimony everywhere to the fact, that the priests had originally a distinct conception, and taught the doctrine of the unity of God; and that, however much this doctrine may have been perverted afterwards by the people in their worship of animals, it was still preserved by the priests in their mysteries, and revealed to the initiated, and to them alone, although a dark allusion to it was made in the papyrus roll which was put into the mouths of the dead to accompany them to the grave. The name, however, of the one God was not mentioned in these rolls: it was only paraphrased in the profound words, *nuk pu nuk*, — "I am that I am," — words which recall at once the similar phrase in Exodus (iii. 14) with which God names himself to Moses and the children of Israel, and which, in its Hebrew form *Jahveh* (mispronounced *Jehovah*), signifies the same as the Egyptian formula, *nuk pu nuk*, — I AM THAT I AM.

H. J. W.

## GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

TRAVELS in Turkey are, for the most part, a dismal record of days wasted in weariness, and nights sleepless with fatigue and misery. Read one book, and you have read all. Now and then, indeed, some clever writer appears, who unites the gift of style with considerable knowledge of the country and the languages, and then we can really get through his book. But this is an exception, unfortunately a rare one; and one to which the two brave ladies — whose names figure on the titlepage of the bulky book on *the Turks, the Greeks, and the Slavons*, which has just reached us damp from the London press\* — cannot fairly lay claim. The expectations raised by the title are by no means satisfied. It is not a book about the Turks or the Greeks, but chiefly about the Serbians, as the writer (for there is obviously but one) terms them in deference to their national pride, which is offended by spelling the word with a *v*, as giving their enemies a ground to taunt them with its derivation from the Latin *servus*. The Serbians are, however, an interesting people in many respects; their history, especially that chapter in it which relates to the enfran-

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\* The Turks, the Greeks, and the Slavons: Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe. By G. MUIR MACKENZIE and A. P. IRBY. With maps and numerous illustrations by F. Ranitz. London: Bell & Daldy, 1867.



chisement of a part of them from the Turkish yoke, is highly honorable; and it is encouraging to know, from the careful observation of these ladies, that they are such a clean and thrifty race. Montenegro and the Herzegovina, and Albania also, countries which are so rarely visited, bordering though they do upon the Adriatic, whose waters are ploughed daily by the merchant steamers of the Mediterranean, were included in the travels of these adventurous English women. The descriptions which they give of the scenery and the people of the Black Mountains and the Albanian hills are certainly valuable, because fresh and truthful. But the book is twice as heavy as it ought to have been, and the title twice as ambitious.

That the Turks misrule the country, as they have misruled every country they were once strong enough to conquer, nobody outside the arid circle of English political prejudices and timidity need be told. That the leading prelates of the Greek Church are in many cases the supple tools of Turkish despotism over the Slavic races, is a fact, too, which will hardly be disputed by one familiar with the history of the vast country which stretches from the borders of Thrace to the Julian Alps, between the Danube and the Adriatic. Nor again is it to be doubted, that, in obedience to that law of nationality which has drawn the Italians under one flag, which is giving a head to Germany, and is marshalling the Greeks to assert their independence and their unity, the Slavic races south of the Danube will join hands under a common standard, and, inspired by a common patriotism, redeem their land from the long blight of Islam, and open it to commerce and the civilizing arts.

These things are clear to the careful observer. No one can open a book of travels in these countries without perceiving it. But, meantime, there is immense popular ignorance about the condition and characteristics of this South Slavic people; and one who cares to be enlightened should study this book, — we cannot say read it. There is a good colored map accompanying the work; and one is thus able to take in at a glance the variety of races of which the population of this great region is somewhat confusedly made up. The Greeks, it will be observed, occupy, with a trifling exception, the whole *Ægean* coast, and are massed up heavily against the Sea of Marmora. They are essentially a commercial, maritime race; and, when the Turks withdraw, as withdraw they must, into Asia, the Greeks will very likely be masters of the country south of the Balkan range. Further north they cannot go: nor should they, for the Slavic race is

agricultural, and to a certain degree aspiring; and it will occupy the country better than the Greeks, and, moreover, will be its own best master.

Of Serbia and the Serbians, therefore, we repeat, considerable information will be found in this book; of the Turks, little new that is worth knowing; of the Greeks, nothing whatever.

H. J. W.

THE title of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's last book,\* though not mystical or cabalistic, gives no idea of its real subject. What he calls "New America" is simply an account of three or four of the eccentric religious sects of America,—the Mormons, the Shakers, the Funkers, the "Bible Christians" of Oneida Creek. The book is in no sense a book of American travel, and it describes things which are but little known, and have very little influence, in America,—except, perhaps, in its short notice of Spiritualism. It begins with a journey across the plains to Salt-Lake City; exaggerating somewhat the discomforts and hazards of that exciting trip, and giving a picture, by no means fascinating, of life in Colorado, the roughness, brutality, recklessness, and waste of life in the new mining cities. Mr. Dixon's theory, that Indian law and life are the model of the present and coming civilization on these plains, will not be accepted as wise or as plausible. Indeed, we may say that the chief defect of his book is its untenable theories. It is pure fancy to offer the Arab of Cairo and Damascus as the true type of refinement and courtesy, and to show a steadily decreasing grace of bearing and address, as one travels westward. The Arab is lithe and graceful in bodily movement; but it is a perversion of language to call such an ignorant, bigoted, false, and vindictive race, who rarely smile, and with whom cunning is the first of virtues, a race of gentlemen. Mr. Dixon's observation on this subject is simply absurd. There is no such measure of courteousness by degrees of longitude, and the manners of Paris and Boston are not to be set half way between the elegance of the Arabian Desert and the barbarism of Denver City.

Mr. Dixon's pictures of the abnormal sects which he deals with are life-like and accurate; and there is no prejudice in his account

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\* *New America*. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. With Illustrations from Original Photographs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1867. 12mo. pp. 495.

of their opinions. He does not go out of his way to approve or condemn ; and, to some pious Puritan readers, his book will seem faulty that it relates such moral indecencies with no burst of indignation, — that it leaves doubt as to the real feeling of the author about polygamy, and free love, and asceticism. Ought a respectable writer to reveal such things without denouncing them? “He that is not against us is for us ;” and the Mormons will have the right to say that Mr. Dixon favors their plurality of wives, because he has no harsh words for it. But, on the whole, this impartial calmness of judgment is a pleasant feature of the book, and gives confidence in the writer’s statements. It will not probably make converts to promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, or to the patriarchal system of the harem. It may send visitors to New Lebanon or to Oneida Creek, but will hardly add recruits to those strange communities.

Mr. Dixon is a friend of America and American institutions, a believer in republican ideas, and a strong foe to every kind of slavery and oppression. It is impossible, therefore, to mistake him for an advocate of the Mormon despotism, which perpetuates the worst features of slavery. He cheerfully recognizes the material progress, the industry, the temperance, the good order, the thrift, of the Salt-Lake oasis. But he has not that cynical joy which we find in the work of Burton, in showing how material prosperity comes with moral obliquity. Burton would have us believe that the preaching and the practice of the Mormons are quite as respectable as those of any Christian sect, and that the success of this polygamy and this vulgar hierarchy is a substantial proof that the patriarchal religion and method are as good as the Christian. Dixon does not say that, but only gives the good side of the Mormon life along with the disgusting side.

His book is fresh, entertaining, and instructive. There is not a dull page in it. If some of the statements are extravagant, they are far less so than those of most English writers on American things. A writer who can describe so well American oddities can be trusted to give us another book on the ordinary experiences of the traveller here, and on things better known.

#### POETRY AND ART.

THE law of demand and supply seems, in these days of perfected commercial arrangements, to have extended itself into the domain of

poetry; so that the literary market is now supplied, with very considerable regularity, with the productions of its most popular and recognized poets. The fact is, doubtless, entirely creditable; and we ought to felicitate ourselves on having achieved a final victory over the eccentricities of genius. But it is occasionally a little annoying to be forced to amend our ideas, and to learn the new aphorism, that, whatever may be the origin of the poets themselves, their verses at least are not created, but manufactured, and that to order. It is useless to complain of degeneracy, or to talk about inspiration: in our day, the best inspiration is success; and the substantial tribute of quick sales and multiplied editions is a very acceptable discount on that very long note of hand which goes by the name of Fame.

"Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other,  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time."

This moralizing is *apropos* of Mr. Whittier's last book, "The Tent on the Beach,"\* which appears just a year after the "Snow-bound." The two are very different from each other, and both are very different from the earlier poems of their author. They are the work of a prosperous writer, whose name is sufficiently established to make it of comparatively little importance to his publishers what he writes or how he writes it. The "Snow-bound" has the advantage of being complete and single, and of a subject which is sure to make its own interest in the heart of every reader who has reached middle age, and can look back on the vanished joys of a New-England country home. Many of its pictures are charming, because they are simple and true, and shine with the tender radiance of a loving and sad memory,—"the light of other days." But it is quite evident that much of the matter was added only to make up the volume; and the public interest, which follows with pleasure the outlines and even the details of the main picture, flags and fails when invited to examine all the nameless family portraits which follow, drawn though they are with a reverent hand, and out of a feeling which it is impossible that a stranger can share.

Of the later volume still less can be said. This is still more obviously a manufactured poem, of which the public have been

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\* The Tent on the Beach. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.



permitted from time to time to see a portion of the materials. Like Mr. Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," it is a specimen of what may be called the *conglomerated* school of poetry, in which any stray nuggets of verse — which may have done service in a magazine or newspaper, but are too few or too slight to be gathered by themselves into a volume — are made available to that end, by being embedded in a connecting and retaining medium of narrative. It is but a cheap device, and cheapens rapidly by repetition. In the present instance, as might well be expected, some of the little pieces are extremely pleasing; and all have Mr. Whittier's never-failing merits of easy and graceful movement, and purity and sweetness of tone. But the most of them, and perhaps all, have been very recently printed in the "Atlantic Monthly," or some other periodical; and few have more than the value and interest which are looked for in such ephemera as magazine verses. And as for the thread of narrative which connects them, it is impossible to help feeling that it is such poetry as a trained versifier like Mr. Whittier could throw off by the page, as easily as Touchstone his doggerel to Rosalind: "I'll rhyme you so eight days together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted." Though we do not deny it to be pleasant reading, yet we do not conceive it to be the sort of verse which a true poet like Whittier, with so much of the real poetic temperament, so flavored and strengthened with the pure flame of moral earnestness, should be content to produce; and we look on it as one more proof of the extent to which the commercial spirit pervades and governs the life of this age. We are saying this surely out of no lack of appreciation of the worth of what this noble writer has contributed to the infant literature of his people; and our chief discontent at his later method comes less from what we conceive to be his own decline as a poet, than from the influence of his example upon younger writers whose work is of the future, and not of the present.

C. A. C.

"SPECULATION," says Lessing, "must follow the torch of history." Every philosophy of art must rest upon a thorough study of works of art. To theorize about it from general conceptions merely, can lead only to the most vague and unsatisfactory results. "The Beautiful," as a naked abstraction, a mental essence, is the most empty and unprofitable of metaphysical conceptions. It is nothing to us except in its incarnations. It is only in the presence of the masterpieces of architecture, sculpture, painting, and music, that we

can truly learn any thing of the eternal principles which underlie all artistic creations. The lack of this positive knowledge has always been the bane of æsthetic criticism in America; and the recent work of Dr. Samson,\* whilst claiming to be a remedy, is in reality only an additional illustration of this defect. As "a text-book for schools and colleges," the book is utterly worthless; and, we fear, the "amateurs and artists" will find it rather heavy and indigestible *pabulum*. An elimination of the wholly irrelevant matter which the volume contains, would diminish its size at least one-fourth. This superfluous stuff is mostly of a semi-theological consistency, as vapid as it is impertinent, and holding about the same relation to "art criticism" that Mr. Tupper's platitudes do to poetry. The author's logical processes are peculiar, and we have rarely found in any book so many instances of naïve *non sequitur*. Because, in the fourth chapter of Genesis, Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ," is mentioned one verse before Tubal-cain, the "instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," *therefore*, argues Dr. Samson, music is an older art than sculpture, and attained a high state of development at a much earlier period. Upon this narrow and untenable basis he then builds up a classification of the Fine Arts. To say nothing of the absurdity of the syllogism, the conclusion arrived at is in itself false. No doubt, at a very remote date in the world's history, barbaric tribes made horrid dissonance on gong-gongs and tom-toms; but music, as a fine art, is of later growth than sculpture: it is a product of modern times, and did not reach its present perfection till the eighteenth century of the Christian era. The book is not only confused and inconsistent in its method (or rather want of method), but also contradictory in its statements. In one chapter we are told that landscape-gardening is the highest of the arts: *first*, because Adam, who was "perfect in all his powers," practised this form of art; and, *secondly*, because architecture, sculpture, &c., are contributory to it and essential to its perfection. In another chapter it is said that Eden was the perfection of landscape-gardening, "long before architecture and sculpture were dreamed of." In other words, this art reached its perfection long before the elements necessary to

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\* Elements of Art Criticism. A Text-book for Schools and Colleges, and a Handbook for Amateurs and Artists. By G. W. SAMSON, D.D., President of Columbian College, Washington, D.C. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1867. 1 vol., crown 8vo. pp. 840.

its perfection "were dreamed of." These specimens will suffice to illustrate what we mean by vapid theorizings. The thick volume is full of them; but we have no space for further citations.

More useful are those portions of the work in which the author traces the history of the different arts. The reader will here find, for the most part, correct and intelligible explanations of various technical processes, — etching, engraving, photography, &c.; although, as Dr. Samson's book has no index, the same information can be more easily obtained from "Brande's Dictionary," or any other cyclopædia of art. Photography, he thinks, is destined to be the supreme fine art; and, in the gaudy upholstery of "an American river-boat," he discovers an elegance unsurpassed by any "palace apartment" in the world. In the chapter on Italian sculptors and painters, the criticism is all second-hand: he has evidently never seen the works on which he passes judgment; and, in many cases, does not even know their location. The foreign tourist, who should take this "handbook" as his guide, would frequently find himself at his wit's end. The only thing original in this section is the orthography of proper names, in which the author gives free rein to his fancy. The pages devoted to American artists read like extracts from a Fourth-of-July oration of Mr. Jefferson Brick, — no discriminating criticism, but only loose and unmeaning laudation. One is a Phidias, another a Praxiteles, and a third unites the excellences of both. But, notwithstanding this offensive tone of national exaggeration, so fretting to the finer filaments of taste, Dr. Samson really does injustice to American art, by omitting the names of some of our best artists.

The limits of a critical notice do not permit us to specify errors. The intelligent reader will find them soon enough. We have done our conscientious duty to the public, in indicating the general scope and character of the work.

E. P. E.

Mr. PALGRAVE's book \* has been much talked of here, but less since the appearance of the New-York reprint than before, which is perhaps no wonder. The wonder is to find, after all the talk, that the book is, for the most part, a collection of ephemeral notices of successive exhibitions of the pictures of the Royal Academy of Lon-

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\* *Essays on Art.* By FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. New York: Hurd & Houghton, 1867.



don, or of special collections by single artists. These notices are uniformly well written, and have the air of intelligent and well-meant criticism; but one would think that with the disposal of the pictures would vanish the chief interest and value of the notices, and that, even in London, it was hardly worth while to collect them into a book. But that they should be reprinted in America is yet more strange; for they criticize pictures and statues which perhaps not a hundred Americans have ever seen. The only man who could make notices of pictures entertaining to those who had never seen them has unfortunately resigned his place. Mr. Palgrave, in reprinting, was doubtless led by Mr. Ruskin's example in his yearly "Notes on the Royal Academy's Exhibition," which were always delightful, whether we had ever heard the names of the painters or not: the heartiness of his praise, the vigor of his abuse, his exquisite word-pictures, and his sublime dogmatism, made it impossible not to read, from beginning to end, whatever he might choose to say. Sydney Smith was in his best mood when he declined reading the book he was to review, "because it prejudices one so, you know;" and there was to Ruskin's readers perhaps an advantage in knowing nothing of the pictures he criticized, since, having no prejudices to disturb our enjoyment, we could hear, with delightful indifference, Mr. Millais's latest masterpiece, for instance, set down as marking "not Fall, but Catastrophe," and some unheard-of aspirant elevated with judicial sternness to the place from which he was deposed. Mr. Palgrave's notes are much calmer and more dispassionate, but unfortunately they are a little dull. His praise and his blame are feeble, and have sometimes the look of proceeding, not so much from a strong interest in what he is doing, as from the necessity which is upon him of filling the predestined column in the next "Saturday Review."

From this criticism, however, we ought perhaps to except the latter half of the book, which has several very readable papers of general interest. Such are, for example, the slight biographical sketches of Dyce, William Hunt, Flaudrin, Thorwaldsen; the curious paper on "Japanese Art," that on "Lost Treasures," and some others. The best article in the book seems to us to be that on "Sculpture and Painting," in which the writer examines the peculiar difficulties which the former has to meet, and which make it "the most arduous, and at the same time the most intellectual," of the Fine Arts; and explains the enormous disadvantage under which an artist labors who attempts to step from the practice of painting to that of sculp-



ture. Mr. Palgrave agrees with those critics who have maintained that, in Michael Angelo, "the profoundest of Christian painters was sacrificed (excepting the single instance of the Sistine Chapel) to an attempt to master sculpture."

Considerable space is given, throughout the book, to the position of sculpture in England. Mr. Palgrave is thoroughly convinced of what we suppose few Englishmen of taste would care to deny,—that the English sculpture of the present day is something to be rather wondered at than admired. He is very free in his remarks on the various aspirants for fame in this department, even though they write "R.A." after their names. Two military busts, by Mr. G. Adams, are said to "look more like caricatures on the profession, than monuments to the gallant originals." Baron Marochetti's statue of Lord Clive, at Shrewsbury, has "the attitude of a gentleman performing an eternal *pas seul* before all the market-women of the city." Mr. Durham's Prince Albert has "a left arm, for the anatomy of which only a compound fracture could account;" and, worst of all, "Mr. J. Adams, by a sort of inversion of Mr. Darwin's theory, appears to lie under the impression, that the human species is rapidly returning to the gorilla type, and has selected Mr. Gladstone, of all people in the world, as a leading instance of this process." All of which is, we dare say, very true, but savors more of the journalist than the teacher. This is not like Mr. Ruskin's severity.

Mr. Palgrave completes his survey of English art by a series of architectural papers, chiefly on Mr. Scott's design for the monument to Prince Albert, in Hyde Park. He is, we think, rather unnecessarily severe on Mr. Scott, although the design in question is, perhaps, among the least successful of the productions of that "fashionable architect." He is led into some very pardonable technical errors,—such as his apology for a timber roof over a vaulted nave, on the ground that it keeps the arch from spreading; his assumption that structural deceptions must be admitted into all architecture; and his statement, that the arches of the canopy tombs at Verona are each of a single stone, and have therefore no thrust: the fact being that, in all but the smallest of these famous monuments, the arches are in three or five stones, and the thrust is so great, that Mr. Ruskin, while declaring one of them to be "the most perfect Gothic sepulchral monument in the world," is forced into an elaborately disingenuous apology for the four iron rods which hold the structure together. These errors on Mr. Palgrave's part are more than bal-

anced by his account of the way in which competitions for monuments are commonly decided in England, which, had we room, we should be glad to quote, as a contribution to the periodical disputes over soldiers' monuments, with which our American communities are afflicted.

In the closing paper, on "New Paris," Mr. Palgrave has some very discriminating and just remarks on the present rebuilding of the great capital of Europe. This is, probably, the most extensive system of architectural improvement that was ever undertaken, at least in modern times; and the language heretofore used in regard to it, in France and elsewhere, has been, so far as we know, that of indiscriminate and excessive admiration. In the present condition of the popular mind on matters of Art, this is perhaps not a bad sign, inasmuch as the same language is commonly used in reference to any and every building enterprise which is sufficiently conspicuous or costly. But the architecture of the Paris streets is accepted, by the self-styled arbiters of architecture at home and abroad, as the Ultima Thule of excellence and good taste in that direction; as the style which "cultivated people have tacitly agreed to consider" as combining all the desirable qualities which street buildings ought to possess; and we are glad, therefore, that even so restrained and moderate a demurrer as this of Mr. Palgrave's has been set against this hasty judgment. The Paris streets are without a rival in modern cities, as all must agree; but they are so, not because their architecture is unexceptionable, but because that of other capitals is beneath contempt. In the Paris streets, a mean house is the exception: in London or New York, mean houses are the rule. We have certainly no wish to undervalue the beauty of Paris; but we must be allowed to say,—while paying the willing tribute of our admiration to the magnificence and grandeur of the plan of Louis Napoleon, and to the general good taste with which it is being executed,—that the plan itself has afflicted the city with the monotony of style, which is the curse of all systematic improvement; and that, in its execution, the effect has been exaggerated by the same cause to which it owes all its excellence, viz., the rigid training of all French architects in a style which is now fast becoming stereotyped. There is not, perhaps, in all the hundred kilomètres of new boulevards and avenues and streets and squares, a single building which can be compared in vulgar ugliness with the dreadful piles of granite and freestone to which our American eyes are accustomed; but it is equally true, that, in all

the thousand examples of uniform good taste and frequent elegance, there is not a single design which has either grandeur or picturesqueness. There is no variety of style; the same forms of square openings, and pilasters, and festoons of flowers, and caryatids, and medallions, are repeated with ingeniously varied but wearisome iteration over the whole vast and splendid city. What Paris needs is a body of young architects, educated outside the Imperial school, with the power and the will to break through the pleasant trammels of government patronage, and to model the new architecture after the old. Let them go over to the *Ile de la Cité*, and study what remains of the Paris of the Middle Age; let them follow that up with Rouen and Chartres and Tours and Orleans and Blois and Lyons; and, when they have once got fairly penetrated with the vigor and interest and life of the old French Gothic, — as noble an architecture as ever existed, whether for civic or ecclesiastic purposes, — they will be competent to build a city, beside which the Paris of the upstart emperor would sink into deserved neglect. And it is just possible that the change might be so far a beneficent one for us over the water, that our ambitious young architects might perhaps be induced to burn, or sell at a fair discount, the voluminous works of M. César Daly, and go to work designing for themselves, instead of taking pride in their adaptations from the latest Paris fashions.

C. A. C.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. ALGER's "Genius of Solitude"\* is a book as to which the reader's interest, as well as his judgment, will depend on the mood in which he takes it up. If he happens to be unsympathetic, a trifle gay, inclined ever so little to satire and persiflage, the sentiment of it will be apt to seem overstrained, its style artificial, its view of nature and man quite subjective and unreal. A mocking temper, even an average sense of humor, will hardly do it justice. In fact, it has a merit and charm — along with its wealth of sentiment and suggestion, and its evidences of industrious and faithful study — in a certain naïve unconsciousness that such a temper really exists, a fearless candor of appeal to sentiments and emotions of which we are apt to

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\* The Solitudes of Nature and of Man; or, the Loneliness of Human Life. By WILLIAM ROUNSVILLE ALGER. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

take too little account. Its style, both of thought and structure and imagery, seems to have been strongly affected by a kind of literature with which the writer is probably far more familiar than any of his readers or critics, — a literature which contains some of the rarest and finest utterances of the human mind, but which is imperfectly acclimatized among us. That literature of memoirs, correspondence, and mystical or reflective poetry, — so largely reflected in Mr. Alger's writings, and tempering the accumulations of his patient study with a mellow warmth as rare as their curious abundance, — is rich in a style of sentiment and imagery which is somewhat more familiar to us, and in truth somewhat more to our taste, under the translucent haze of a foreign idiom. We wish, now and then, that we could forget the associations of our English speech, and read some of these thoughtful and suggestive paragraphs in the French or German diction, to which they seem rather native. And it has occurred to us, that the writer, to whom we owe so much for what he has transposed from other tongues to ours, would do well to make himself familiar with the more plebeian uses of those tongues, and especially to cultivate that quick appreciation of *humor*, so essential in self-criticism, and so important in giving what we may call the stereoscopic effect of the words one uses, and winning a true mastery of style.

Whatever the justness or aptness of these suggestions, there will be many readers of this volume who will feel no such drawback on their satisfaction in the instruction, counsel, inspiration, and comfort they get from it. Even the reader most critically minded, and craving to keep closest to facts tangible and outward, — for the sentiments and emotions he slights are after all facts, though of another order, — will be attracted and instructed by the personal sketches which make rather more than half the book. Some of them — for example the first, that of Gotama Buddha — are full enough to be biographical sketches, of a curious and independent value. Others, such as those of Pascal, Rousseau, and Comte, are studies of character, or exercises in moral analysis, of much insight and psychological instruction. The closing one, that of Jesus, which with a frank simplicity is presented among the rest in this new aspect, is a real contribution to a study of everlasting interest and typical importance. In general, we should say of these sketches, that their value would be increased by a more scrupulous selection and more uniform fulness and carefulness of treatment; since many of them are mere hints and fragments, increasing the number of names, without adding to the



weight of testimony. But where a book errs through abundance, the reader's remedy is the easy one of skipping what he does not want; while the writer's judgment may be correct, after all, as to the names that really fit his plan.

THE author of the report to the Cornell University Trustees\* has since been chosen President of the Institution, and is in a position to carry out his ideas in regard to the arrangement of studies and the choice of lecturers and professors. If these ideas are carried out, the Cornell University will take rank as the first among American literary institutions. It will be before, and not behind, the time; a place where the student may find and seek new truths, and not merely learn by rote old formulas or count old fossils. President White will not have in his college any sinecure offices, any superfluous and ornamental men, any plodders, to turn the crank of a barrel-organ in routine studies. He will get *live* men, who believe in progress, believe in democratic ideas, and are ready to teach what the people want to learn. There is no mediæval tone in this remarkable report. It has the American idea in it, and it belongs to the nineteenth century. Of all the plans for practical University efficiency and reform that we have seen,—so numerous in these last years,—this is the broadest, the wisest, the best adjusted, and the most clearly stated. Mr. L. W. Jerome has recently, we believe, established in Princeton College an annual prize for *gentlemanly deportment*. President White means, that all his teachers, in addition to their literary and scientific attainments, shall teach good manners by their example, and shall show students that a scholar is not a boor or a clown, but the truest gentleman. He does not intend, moreover, to allow any quarrels or jealousies among the professors; and if they cannot live peaceably together, cannot work harmoniously, he will “cut the Gordian knot,” and dismiss the whole of them. No man shall be appointed an instructor because “he is poor or pious, or a ‘squatter’ on the college domain.” No man will be favored because he belongs to a particular sect, or rejected because he holds an unpopular creed. In this institution, a Unitarian and a Roman Catholic have the same chance as a Presbyterian or Methodist.

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\* Report of the Committee on Organization. Presented to the Trustees of the Cornell University, Oct. 21, 1866. Albany: C. Van Benthuysen & Sons. 8vo. pp. 48.

There will be no sectarian test, either in the scholarship of students or in the fitness of professors.

We have been beyond measure charmed and refreshed by this vigorous document, and commend it to all our readers.

THE publication of "*King René's Daughter*"\* inaugurates an enterprise for which we hope a great success, — the presentation to the American public of some of the choicest poems of foreign literatures, such as Lessing's "*Nathan the Wise*," Goethe's "*Hermann and Dorothea*," Molière's "*Tartuffe*," Calderon's "*Life is a Dream*," Tasso's "*Aminta*," and others from the Swedish, the Norwegian, the Russian, the Turkish, and the Sanscrit. Every friend of culture in America should cordially welcome these productions of the finest genius of other lands. Their influence is needed among us, and can be made effective for great good, both with our young poets and with our intelligent readers of poetry.

The little poem of Hertz, which is already, we trust, in the hands of many of our readers, is one of the most charming to be found in any language. The conception of Iolanthe, King René's daughter, — blind from infancy, brought up in a secluded paradise without the knowledge of her misfortune, wonderfully self-helpful through her other powers, beautiful with graces hardly known under the glare of the great world's light, — was worthy of a true poet. As the tale proceeds, and Iolanthe meets in her garden the noble gentleman to whom in earliest infancy she had been betrothed, it seems impossible that sight could add any thing to so clear and bright a life. Indeed we think it a defect in the close of the poem, that the art of the Moorish physician succeeds in giving sight to Iolanthe. The natural close of so fine a poem — after the intended husband had seen Iolanthe blind, and lost his heart to her, ignorant of her parentage; and she, through ear and touch and other channels for the soul of the sightless, had found in him a hero — would have been the demonstration of the superiority of the soul to the limitations of physical organization. The poem has prepared us for this, and has almost made this necessary. We feel that Iolanthe without sight, the loveliest creature of pure faith, will be less than herself with the gift of sight. But this imperfection of the poem, as we regard it, will undoubtedly please the majority of

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\* *King René's Daughter*: a Danish Lyrical Drama. By HENRIK HERTZ. Translated by Theodore Martin. New York: Leypoldt & Holt, 1867.

readers, who are but little familiar with the ideal aspects of human life. And to us it is no hindrance to enjoyment of the poet's success in the creation of Iolanthe and the delineation of a life whose light was wholly the light ineffable within the soul. It is an admirable success. "King René's Daughter" is a work of pure beauty, and of that spiritual beauty which is the most precious gift of heaven to the eye of man.

THE author of the little volume, "Poems, by Robert Weeks," \* has given us reason to expect that he will write something much superior to the average productions of our young poets. There is the true spirit of poetry in the first attempts of his pen, and, in some of the pieces in the latter half of his volume, the stream of his song runs quite clear. It is not easy to write poetry fit to challenge in our day the attention of the reading public. We cordially desire to see the author of "Poems" appreciate the true end and use of poetry, and successfully attempt something worthy of the highest praise. No better field ever existed, than our own land to-day affords, for the study and practice of the high art of poetry. The crowd of striplings, every one with his manufactured song, will obtain vulgar applause, while deserving only contempt. Who will win the poet's name and honor?

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#### NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

A New Translation of the Hebrew Prophets, with Introduction and Notes. By George R. Noyes. Third edition, 2 vols. Also, Translations of the Psalms, Job, Ecclesiastes, and Canticles. By the same. Boston: American Unitarian Association. (To be reviewed.)

Sermons. By Alexander Hamilton Vinton, Rector of St. Mark's Church, New York. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 16mo. pp. 330.

The Restoration of Belief. By Isaac Taylor. A new edition, revised, with an additional section. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 16mo. pp. 389.

The Silence of Scripture. By Rev. Francis Wharton, D.D., LL.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Brookline, Mass. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 16mo. pp. 122.

The Life of God in the Soul of Man; or, The Nature and Excellency of the Christian Religion. By the Rev. Henry Scougal. To which is subjoined, Rules for a Holy Life. By Archbishop Leighton. New York: Protestant Episcopal Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge. 16mo. pp. 161.

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\* Poems. By ROBERT K. WEEKS. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

Daily Hymns; or, Hymns for every day in Lent. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 16mo. pp. 107.

Heaven and its Wonders, and Hell from things heard and seen. By Emanuel Swedenborg. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 453.

Lectures on the Nature of the Spirit, and of Man as a Spiritual Being. By Chauncey Giles, Minister of the New Jerusalem Church. New York: 20, Cooper Union. 12mo. pp. 206.

The Combined Spanish Method: a new practical and theoretical system of learning the Castilian Language. With a Pronouncing Vocabulary. By Alberto de Tornos, A.M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 470.

A Complete Manual of English Literature. By Thomas B. Shaw. Edited, with Notes and Illustrations, by William Smith, Author of Bible and Classical Dictionaries. With sketch of American Literature, by Henry T. Tuckerman. New York: Sheldon & Co. pp. 540. (The author has certainly succeeded in his attempt "to render the work as little dry—as readable, in short—as is consistent with accuracy and comprehensiveness")

The English of Shakespeare, illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his Julius Cæsar. By George L. Craik. Edited, from the third revised London edition, by W. J. Rolfe, Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth. pp. 386. (Of proved value as a class-book, in skilful hands; carefully edited, and given in a neat and convenient form.)

Remarks on Classical and Utilitarian Studies, read before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Dec. 20, 1866. By Jacob Bigelow. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. pp. 57.

Report on the Public Schools and the Systems of Public Instruction in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. Boston: Alfred Mudge & Son. pp. 64.

Guide to Boston and Vicinity; with Maps and Engravings. By David Pulsifer. Boston: A. Williams & Co. pp. 293.

The Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Complete (Diamond) edition. pp. 363. The Personal History of David Copperfield; The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens. With original Illustrations by S. Eytinge, jun. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. (Diamond edition.)

Christie's Faith. By the Author of "Mattie Astray," "Carry's Confession," &c., &c. 12mo. pp. 519.

Black Sheep. A Novel. By Edmund Yates. 8vo. pp. 166.

The Village on the Cliff. A Novel. By Miss Thackeray, Author of "The Story of Elizabeth." With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 104.

Easy German Reading, after a New System: being selections of Historical Tales and Anecdotes, arranged with copious foot-notes, containing translations of all the prominent words, designations of the genders and declensions of the nouns, the peculiar forms of the verbs and the cases they govern, &c., &c. By George Storme. New edition, revised by Edward A. Oppen. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 18mo. pp. 206.

The Huguenot Galley-slave: being the Autobiography of a French Protestant condemned to the galleys for the sake of his religion. Translated from the French of Jean Marteilhe. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 241.

Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects. By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart. Alexander Strahan, London and New York. 12mo. pp. 507.

Thrilling Adventures of Daniel Ellis, the great Union guide of East Tennessee for a period of nearly four years during the great Southern Rebellion. Written by himself. Containing a short Biography of the author. With Illustrations. 12mo. pp. 430.



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